

SUMMER'S GOOFY MOVIES

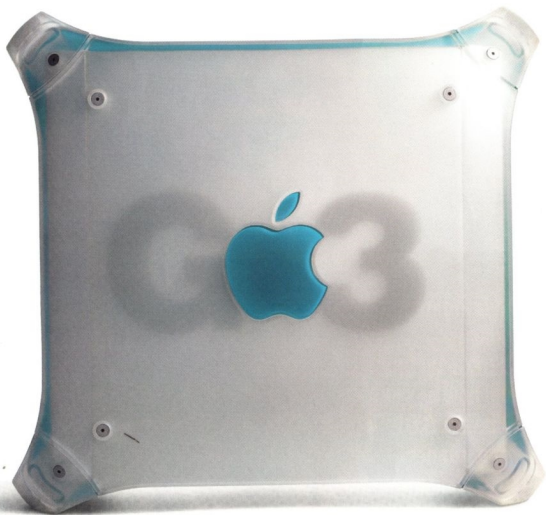
# TIME

An intimate  
look at  
**GEORGE W. BUSH**  
and how he got  
to be the G.O.P.  
front runner

## President Bush?




www.time.com





State of the Pentium-crushing art. Chip vs. chip, the G3 has been crushing Pentium processors since the day it was born.\* But what about computer vs. computer performance, using demanding applications like Photoshop? Good question. For that, we surrender the podium to what is fast becoming one of our favorite authorities, *PC Magazine*:



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*(The name comes from  
the Indian word that means,  
"Bright Child.")*



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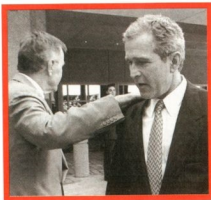
*(The name comes from  
the American word that means,  
"Bright Idea.")*

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**Moving In:** NATO forces begin peacekeeping in Kosovo (see WORLD)



**Father and Son:** The Texas Governor sets off on his own quest for the White House (see COVER)



**Summer Flicks:** Matthew Broderick in *Inspector Gadget* (see THE ARTS)

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**COVER:** Photograph by TIME by Gregory Heisler  
**INSET:** Photograph by K. Wright/New Line Cinema

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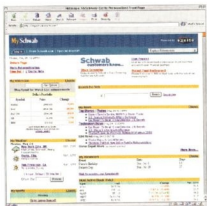
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Chart represents regional sales



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Tamara M. Edwards/Boston

# Harvard vs. the School Of Hard Knocks

Two graduations the same day are poles apart in privilege but on a par in spirit



PINE STREET GRADS: From homelessness and addiction to jobs

IT HAPPENED BY ACCIDENT last year that Pine Street Inn, a Boston homeless shelter and job-training center, held its graduation on the same day as Harvard's. But this year director Erik Payne Butler scheduled his ceremony last Thursday on purpose—a reminder, he says, that his graduates should be as celebrated as those folks across the Charles River. And there was an added juxtaposition this year: at Pine Street the keynote speaker was former Labor Secretary Robert Reich; Harvard welcomed Federal Reserve Board Chairman Alan Greenspan to speak to alums and graduates. The two men have very different views of the economy. In his memoir, Reich imagined that a frank exchange would involve his assailing Greenspan as a “robber-baron pimp” and the central banker’s calling him a “Bolshevik dwarf.”

And indeed the day showed

both the best of times and the worst of possibilities—but not always in the ways you might expect. At Pine Street the yellow and white tent was donated, as were the flowers. A cerulean sky and cool morning air hung over the neighborhood's old brick buildings. Reich pondered his speech, in which he would remind the recently derelict grads that the great economy isn't trickling down to everyone; that the vagaries of life—and the



REICH gave out his diplomas with warnings of hard times

inevitable economic downturn—would try them again. Couldn't he be more optimistic on this, their big day? “I'm going to try,” he said wanly.

But then the 75 graduates marched in. Many wore donated clothes, and proudly. The bodily signs of high off-road mileage—sallow skin, dull hair—were outshone by the bright glint in their eyes. And Reich was quickly outdone by student speaker Fred McEmore, 34, whose natty gray suit and mustard bow tie were at odds with his story. He dropped out of school in the eighth grade and became a homeless crack addict. With his last dollar, he came to the shelter two years ago. Now he leaves with an internship-cum-job in computers. “My boss is here, and she wants to hire me, and I'm going!” he said, to the roar of the crowd.

And as they headed out into a new life, the graduates weren't thinking about what might be taken away but what could be got back. Albert Merrill, 55, a former clerical worker, holds out his 25-day pin and six-month coin, and next month will pass his first year sober. He dreams of the day when he can walk back into the life of his ex-wife and kids. “This is a gift,” he says quietly of his diploma.

To a man, they say they're not jealous of their Harvard counterparts. Indeed, they believe they have an advantage. “I'm turned around and could be headed toward Harvard,” says reformed crack addict Howard James, 40. “But one turn for them—loss of a job, alcoholism—they could be coming to Pine Street.”

A 15-minute subway ride away, the lawn in front of Harvard's Tercentenary Theatre is plush, and the crowd

seems plump with well-being. Alum Jerome Vered, 41, an HBO researcher, feels fortunate that he hasn't faced “a real curveball, like a spouse or child dying.” Tamara Remy, 24, a new Harvard Law grad, holds pink flowers and high hopes. “Just today we were wondering if there's a President among us,” she says of her class.

Greenspan tells the graduates they are embarking on “a material existence that neither my generation nor any that preceded it could have even remotely imagined.” He adds that the gains from the long bull market in stocks “regrettably... have not been as widely spread across households.” About 40 students protest, walking out of his speech carrying huge red balloons. They wind up in the Square, between a bank and Au Bon Pain. Down the Square,



GREENSPAN told Harvard grads they have the tools for an unparalleled material existence

the Tasty, a famous cheap diner, is the latest old fixture to be replaced by high-rent glam: this time an Abercrombie & Fitch. And so it feels sweet and ironic but futile as the scraggly crowd rails against Greenspan and disgusting capitalism.

But then someone reads from Emerson's “The American Scholar”: “The world is nothing. The man is all.” Looked at that way, the Harvard graduates—he, this is no easy school to get through—deserve commendation. But the men and women of Pine Street? Now that calls for some irrational exuberance. ■

“My boss is here, and she wants to hire me, and I'm going!” —FRED MCEMORE

We are drowning  
in information  
and Starved for  
knowledge.

--Unknown

May we suggest a life preserver.

Joe

*Life is Interesting. Discuss.*

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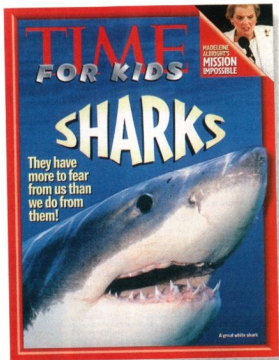
*Vi Bilägare, October 1998 - Sweden*



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## LETTERS



### How to Spot a Troubled Kid

**“If people were more involved with their kids and quit blaming pop icons for everything, we might be able to solve the problem.”**

TRACY COCHRAN  
Powder Springs, Ga.

OF ALL THE SCHOOL-SHOOTING ACCOUNTS over the past few years, your story about 15-year-old T.J. Solomon, who fired on his classmates in Conyers, Ga. [SPECIAL REPORT, May 31], was the first to make me feel great sympathy for the shooter. In this case, as in some others, the shooter was being tormented by a popular classmate simply because he was quiet, a situation too many schools allow to go unchecked. I am 35, and still remember being picked on in high school and treated like an outsider. I clearly recall the ambivalent response by my teachers. I think kids today are probably even more cruel than they were 20 years ago, and our schools are not doing enough to stop such behavior.

JONATHAN BRODER  
New York City

INSTEAD OF FOCUSING ON “HOW TO SPOT a Troubled Kid,” I wish you had concentrated on “How to Help a Troubled Kid.” There’s a big difference in involvement, compassion and understanding.

THERESE HENDERSON  
Hanover, Mass.

HOW TO SPOT A TROUBLED NATION: PLENTY of depressed kids with easy access to a sea of guns.

ROBERT F. CURRAN  
San Francisco

SCHOOLS ARE NO LONGER PEACEFUL buildings that harbor happy children. Rather they have become a nightmare of violence and bloodshed.

RANDY KLAAS  
Shickshinny, Pa.

A PARENT, WHOSE JOB IT IS TO INSTILL values and morals, should explain how fantasy differs from reality and help troubled kids grow up to be well-rounded individuals. High school kids today are not spending evenings watching movies with their friends. They are usually unsupervised and getting into trouble.

They are going to parks to get drunk and high. Kids will be kids, but someone needs to explain reality. Society should embrace children and teach them not just about algebra and how to make money but also about life.

KATE FIELDS  
Washington

THE PROBLEMS OF DEPRESSED AND troubled youngsters cannot be solved simply by more love, more pills or more legislation in isolation. A network of support, evaluation and treatment is needed, tailored to the personality of each child.

ROBERT D. HUNT, M.D.  
Nashville, Tenn.

I HAVE BEEN A PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL teacher for 30 years, and I read your report with great interest. But school violence isn’t just about depression in youngsters. It’s about anger. It is not depression that drives these children to kill. It’s anger and their inability to handle their rage. A depressed child kills himself. An angry child kills his classmates and his teachers.

LORRAINE M. SULLIVAN  
Arlington, Mass.

I AM INTO THE GOTHIC LIFE-STYLE, and I have seen many graphic films. I enjoy this subculture, but my parents raised me well enough so that I never felt the need to go on a shooting spree. If people were more involved with their kids and quit blaming pop icons for everything, we might be able to solve the problem before more lives are tragically lost.

TRACY COCHRAN  
Powder Springs, Ga.

### Wonder Drugs for Kids

IT’S A CONSPICUOUS SIGN OF SOCIAL progress that the Holden Caulfields of 1999 can be “cured” with the aid of Prozac & Co., as discussed by Walter Kirn in “The Danger of Suppressing Sad-

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WDC9901

Dineh and Pooneh Mohajer have a small business that's quickly growing into a big one. They make cosmetics.

It started when Dineh used her premed chemistry skills to mix up some nail polish that matched her blue shoes. When Pooneh saw it, she spotted a business opportunity.

Today, Hard Candy's nail, lip and eye makeup can be found on cosmetic counters around the world. And Dineh and Pooneh tend to be pretty busy. So, now more than ever, they rely on their computers to help them keep up.

That's why they're getting Microsoft® Windows NT® Workstation on their new PCs. It's three times more reliable than Windows® 95.

This means that Dineh and Pooneh's computers will be ready to work when they are. And that they will have more time to think up product names like Underground, Old Skool, and Techno.



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# Don't Forget!

Ask your doctor if a  
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is right for you.

If you're a woman over 60, there's a nearly 1 in 2 chance that you have or will get osteoporosis. So at your next visit, ask your healthcare professional if a Bone Density Test should be part of your health evaluation.

It's a simple, painless test that can measure the health of your bones.

So if your bones are thinning, you can find out about treatment options to help strengthen them.

903900-04 FOS-CON



ness" [VIEWPOINT, May 31]. It is a shame that Joan of Arc in her benighted state could not have similarly been "cured." Unproductive individuals hostile to mainstream society, ranging from Socrates to Emerson, could have been chemically corrected for their own good to better adhere to the norm. If everyone conformed, schools could successfully be made up of "productive" students who effectively stick with traditional studies and perhaps make the honor roll. It seems that we must eliminate the deviant geniuses and artists in favor of the conforming sycophants whom some see as the fountainhead of societal progress. O brave new world!

JOHN M. DE PALMA  
Succunna, N.J.

FOR NEARLY FIVE DECADES, *CATCHER IN THE RYE* and the character of Holden Caulfield have been the example of adolescent alienation. Holden's alienation and despair are served up to young minds without much context or perspective. Young people today need a catcher

in the rye to keep them from the steep cliffs of nihilism and moral relativism that are sold to them in popular media and in the classroom. Hats off to the youth workers who are catching kids right and left every day before they go over the cliff.

PAUL SAILHAMER  
Fullerton, Calif.

## Students Get Religion

IN YOUR ARTICLE "A SURGE OF TEEN SPIRIT" [SPECIAL REPORT, May 31], you focused on evangelical teens, a group with the ultimate superiority complex. They believe that they are God's chosen and that those who disagree with them are doomed to hell. Evangelism and the feelings of inferiority it breeds in people of different faiths are hardly the way to prevent school carnage. Religion in public schools can only polarize a community that needs, now more than ever, to be held together.

RAMAN KHANNA  
Springfield, Ohio


## AMERICAN WOMEN CONQUER MOUNT EVEREST

**O**ur report on the discovery of the frozen body of mountain climber George Leigh Mallory on the slopes of Mount Everest [EXPLORATION, May 17] prompted us to look in the archives for other tales of mountaineering adventure—with happier endings. In September 1988, Stacy Allison, a contractor from Portland, Ore., on the right in the photograph, and Peggy Luce, a bicycle messenger from Seattle, became the first American women to climb Everest's 29,028-ft. summit. Here's an excerpt of a story we ran after the climbers settled in back at home [March 6, 1989]:

"The drive to put a U.S. woman on Everest had been something between graft and financing gimmick for at least a decade ... For [Allison], adventures are what happen when you make a mistake ... She is a gifted rock climber. At extreme altitude, she is an aerobic marvel, renowned for climbing at unusual speed. She and the rest used bottled oxygen much of the time because of the dangers of altitude sickness ... At the summit, which she reached without trouble, she spent 45 minutes waiting for her Sherpa ... Then she made an unbelievable descent all the way to Camp 1, at about 21,000 ft. "High winds battered the mountain on the day of Luce's summit try ... At some point her goggles fogged, so she took them off. She reached the top alone, dulled and sluggish, and stayed about five minutes ... As she started down, she realized her unprotected eyes were going snow blind. What she did not realize was that she had run out of oxygen. And on a steep slope just below the summit, she leaned over to try to see a foothold through the blazing retinal glare. The empty oxygen tank overbalanced her. She somersaulted downward ... She swung her ice ax, stuck it into the snow face and performed a perfect self-arrest ... She ditched the oxygen bottle and found her Sherpa. The only thing she could see by this time was the blue of his boots, so she followed the moving blobs. The next day her eyes were swollen shut ... Being in peril, she says, 'sharpens your sense for life.'"



DOANE BERNARD



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As a woman over 60, there's something you may be interested to know. While calcium with vitamin D is important for bone health, it often isn't all you need to prevent osteoporosis.

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THOSE TEENAGERS WHO DIED AT COLUMBINE High School were not martyrs—at least not by the usual definition of having to choose between denying their faith and living or affirming their faith and dying. The question "Do you believe in God?" was apparently not asked by the killers in most of the deaths; this seems to indicate that they were merely taunting their victims. The final testimony of the students to their faith is compelling, but it is not martyrdom, and we distort the true meaning of the word by misusing it.

KENNETH G. OLTHOFF  
Linthicum, Md.

### Nothing but Cockroaches

LOOKS AS IF WE HAVE OUTSMARTED OURSELVES again. What else besides monarch butterflies is being killed by the pollen from pest-resistant designer corn [SCIENCE, May 31]? Hundreds of types of flora and fauna are already on the endangered-species list. Others are being stamped out before receiving the protection that would guarantee their survival. The human population is due to hit 6 billion in a few months. I see a day coming

when way too many humans will share the planet with nothing but starlings and cockroaches.

BILL BARMETTLE  
Chehalis, Wash.

### The Secret Life of Fans

RE YOUR STORY ON DRIVER JEFF GORDON and the popularity of NASCAR races [BUSINESS, May 31]: For six days a week, we are pillars of the community (he: Chamber of Commerce president, civic leader, successful businessman; she: homeroom mother, baseball coach, car-pool queen). But on weekends, beware! We two have driven 10 hours one way to a race. Slept in the car. Washed up in a gas station rest room. Set the VCR to record a race we actually attended. Watched the replay when we finally got home from sitting in after-race traffic for hours. When our friends read this letter in your magazine, our double life will be revealed. We are NASCAR fans.

BRENT AND KIM JENSON  
Henryetta, Okla.

### Corrections

IN OUR REPORT ON NASCAR RACING [BUSINESS, May 31], we inadvertently attributed a quote to Doris O'Bryant that was in fact made by another person who was with O'Bryant selling FANS AGAINST GORDON T shirts. We regret the error.

OUR PIECE ABOUT PRESCRIPTION MEDICINES for teenagers who exhibit moodiness or anxiety [VIEWPOINT, May 31] incorrectly referred to the authorship of a recent Internet posting that listed some possible symptoms of manic depression in teens. The posting was written with the help of the American Academy of Adolescent Child Psychiatry, not the National Association for Mental Illness.

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Our e-mail address is [Letters@time.com](mailto:Letters@time.com)

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# Formula for Peace!

Peace begins when an individual decides to conform with nature's law of right behavior. Some people object to the use of the words *nature's law of right behavior*, thinking, perhaps, that such a law should have a more spiritual source. What could be more spiritual than creation? Whoever or whatever is the Creator surely finds expression in nature's universe.

This public-spirited advertisement is meant to reach as large an audience as possible to declare a social law identified by the late Richard W. Wetherill. He called it the **law of absolute right: right action gets right results, whereas wrong action gets wrong results**. In his lifetime, Wetherill was vilified by the leaders of thought who should have had most interest in addressing society's antisocial behavior. Recently a nonprofit Foundation was formed in Wetherill's name to inform people of nature's social law. The law requires us to take right action in order to rectify past wrong results and to build a peaceful future.

Wetherill also explained right and wrong action so that even a child could understand. He taught that there will be ongoing conflict and suffering in society until people learn that expressing their own Will is wrong action. There is one Will. It is the Will of the Creator expressed in natural laws. It is right and it is real. Centuries of conflict and suffering have shown that the Will of people does not get right results. Instead, self-will contradicts nature's law of right action and renders impossible the peace that people seek.

Laws of the physical universe make it clear that creation's laws are self-enforcing. Do people reject laws of gravitation, momentum, friction and so on? No, they try as hard as they can to conform. Nature's social law is equally unyielding and requires the same respectful cooperation. It also shows that people unknowingly cause their wrong results, and by changing their motivation to embrace the social law, they can get right results.

History has shown that no motive of mankind (no matter how noble) has accomplished more than ultimately to result in continuing conflict. People need to know that man-made social laws contradict a natural social law. It is generally known that merely attempting to violate the laws of physics results in failure, injury or death. The Will of the Creator is spelled out in nature's social law: Do what is right according to all of nature's

laws and results will be right; express self-will and results will be wrong. Learn to be natural-law centered instead of self-centered. That is the Creator's intended motivation for society.



Richard W. Wetherill  
1906-1989

Do not be deluded by a motive to be helpful or, by your own efforts, to solve society's problems. That approach has been used for ages with the result that antisocial violence now involves young teens and continues to proliferate for adults. People need to act on the motivation of the social law by rightly filling the needs of each situation that confronts them.

Take action because, to the best of your ability, it is your intent to conform with nature's law of right action—just as you conform with gravity with hardly a conscious thought. That is the way creation's plan can eradicate the billions of counterfeit plans born of self-will. It puts an end to the competition spawned by people's trying to take control of their lives. It establishes equality and singleness of purpose. It becomes increasingly clear that control of people's behavior is in nature's social law—for better and for worse.

The formula for peace is always to take right action. There are many ways to describe how the formula is applied: respond logically to every situation, never react in jealousy or with anger, be accountable for wrong results, and, most important, abandon self-will and instead think, say and do what is naturally right.

We publish six, low-cost books that tell how to conform with nature's behavioral law. For a free mailing, with no obligation, call 1-800-992-9124 weekdays 9 to 5 ET or write: The Alpha Publishing House, 1101 Enterprise Dr., PO Box 255, Royersford, PA 19468. Visit [www.alphapub.com](http://www.alphapub.com) to read articles concerning nature's behavioral law. The books are displayed there and can be ordered with security, using VISA® or MasterCard™ or send checks to the above address. Visit Web site [www.wai-wetherill.com](http://www.wai-wetherill.com) to view the scope of our for-profit, distribution business (to the auto-electric aftermarket) guided by the principles of nature's social law. Sales for 1998 were nearly \$170 million.

Text written by E. Marie Bothe, President of Wetherill Associates, Inc., (WAI), The Alpha Publishing House and the Richard W. Wetherill Foundation.

# NOTEBOOK

## VERBATIM

**"It means the war ended."**

**SVETOZAR MARJANOVIC,**  
Yugoslav general, on the  
peace agreement

**"What lies beyond us is a task well beyond anything that has been done so far, certainly in Europe, perhaps in the world... We will enter a devastated wasteland and will have to build it from the bottom up."**

**CARL BILD,**  
U.N. special envoy  
for the Balkans

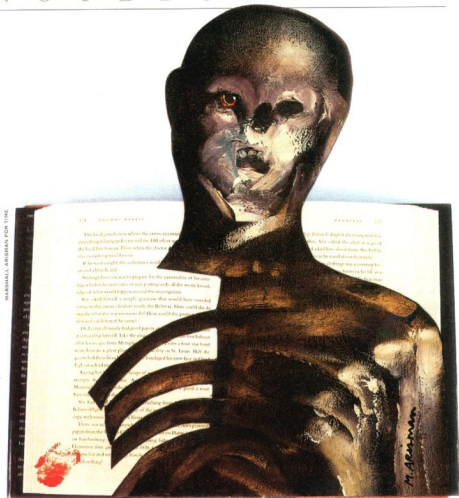
**"Elizabeth Dole is the single most historic and exciting presidential candidate this century."**

**TONY FABRIZIO,**  
Dole's chief strategist, who  
apparently didn't think much  
of her husband's candidacy

**"Women pay for contraceptives, and insurance companies pay for Viagra. What's wrong with this picture?"**

**REP. JAMES C. GREENWOOD,**  
introducing a bill to extend  
health coverage to  
contraceptives

Sources: Marjanovic, Greenwood, Washington Post, Bild, AP, Fabrizio, Dole for President Exploratory Committee



**CHIANTI REFILLS, ANYONE?** Cannibalistic psychiatrist Hannibal Lecter is back, thanks to *Hannibal*, Thomas Harris' hotly anticipated sequel to 1988's best seller, *The Silence of the Lambs*. The reviewers' verdict? Less than savory

## WINNERS & LOSERS



**BILL CLINTON**  
First blamed, then hailed for Kosovo. Battle practice will come in handy for wife's New York run

**JAMES HORMEL**  
First openly gay ambassador. It's just Luxembourg—not that there's anything wrong with that

**OSCAR GOODMAN**  
Mob lawyer wins landslide for mayor of Vegas. Next: Johnnie Cochran, Attorney General



**KIRK FORDICE**  
Hypocrisy alert! Mississippi Governor and Clinton critic leaves wife for another woman

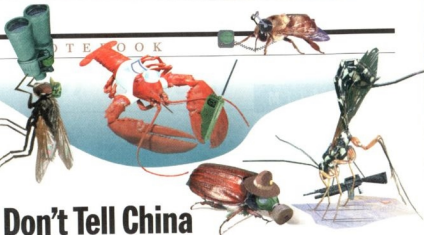
**CHRISTIAN COALITION**  
Denied tax-exempt status owing to political activity. Time to render unto Caesar what is Caesar's ...

**LARRY BIRD**  
Sets another record: first coach to lose to No. 8 seed in semis. And he lost to the Knicks' bench

## TV Dads: Who Brings Home How Much Bacon

THEY GIVE US LIFE, WE GIVE THEM SOAP-on-a-rope. Yep, Father's Day is here again. Brookstone, which purveys titanium ear-hair trimmers and anti-snore nasal dilators, among other innovative gifts, commemorated this year by ranking sitcom pops' earning power. The company used the most recent salary data from the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics and human-resource firms to determine the year's salaries (in 1999 dollars) of 25 of America's TV breadwinners. The Top 5 and Bottom 5:

- 1) **Jed Clampett** (*The Beverly Hillbillies*); oil tycoon; \$1.75 million
- 2) **Philip Drummond** (*Diff'rent Strokes*); CEO; \$839,000
- 3) **Tim Taylor** (*Home Improvement*); cable TV-show host; \$233,000
- 4) **Cliff Huxtable** (*The Cosby Show*); obstetrician; \$201,000
- 5) **Jason Seaver** (*Growing Pains*); psychiatrist; \$119,000
- 21) **Archie Bunker** (*All in the Family*); dock foreman; \$31,104
- 22) **Andy Taylor** (*The Andy Griffith Show*); small-town sheriff; \$26,700
- 23) **Fred Flintstone** (*The Flintstones*); crane operator; \$26,448
- 24) **Dan Conner** (*Roseanne*); small contractor; \$17,856
- 25) **Al Bundy** (*Married... with Children*); shoe salesman; \$15,748



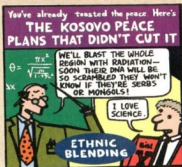
## Don't Tell China

RESEARCHERS WORKING WITH THE FEDERAL DEFENSE ADVANCED RESEARCH PROJECTS Agency are studying insects and other animals to figure out if they could be used to further the U.S.'s military operations. The creatures enlisted so far:

CREATURE	SKILL	MISSION
HONEYBEES	Seeking pollen, they attract various airborne chemicals and take them back to the hive	Find land mines. Explosive devices leak small amounts of chemicals into the air. Researchers hope that by analyzing the chemical content in a hive, they can determine if explosives are in the area
PARASITIC WASPS	They can learn to detect various volatile compounds that they associate with food	Trained to associate food with compounds given off by chemical and biological weapons, wasps may swarm to areas where they're hidden
GIANT SPINX MOTHS	Males are extremely sensitive to pheromones given off by females	Provide information on how to detect very low levels of chemicals. Moths could also be trained like wasps
FLIES	They're stable and maneuverable. Can land on ceilings, fly backward and hover with pinpoint accuracy	Help scientists learn more about flight control. The information may improve the aerodynamic capabilities of micro-air vehicles (planes with a 6-in. wingspan)
BETTER	Their infrared-detection systems can locate forest fires many miles away	Give scientists a better understanding of infrared-detection systems, which could then be used to improve the infrared capabilities of missiles
LOBSTERS	Their locomotive abilities allow them to live in turbulent waters	Help scientists learn about maneuvering in surf zone, where most mines are. Researchers hope to build robots based on the lobster to locate mines

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE TRECCHI. PHOTOS FROM LEFT: SPINXER—ANIMALS ANIMALS; COOPER—ANIMALS ANIMALS; ANIMALS ANIMALS; SPINXER—ANIMALS ANIMALS; COOPER—ANIMALS ANIMALS

## THE DRAWING BOARD



Cartoon by Ted Rall for TIME

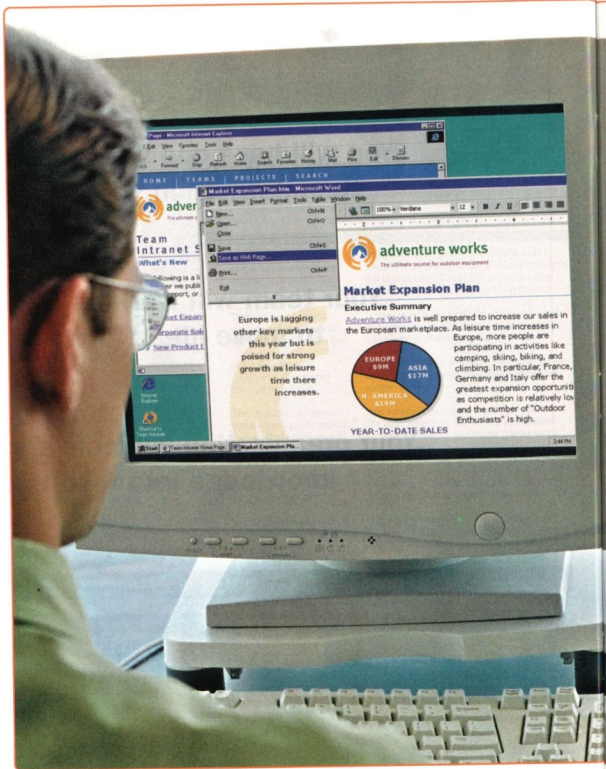


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JOEL STEIN

## The Man Show Cometh

**W**HEN I FIRST GRADUATED FROM COLLEGE, I couldn't decide whether to become a magazine writer or a TV writer. I quickly settled upon unemployed writer, until Martha Stewart hired me to type up gardening tips. The things a man will do just to get close to that siren.

Thus, until recently, my only experience with TV writing was a meeting at UPN several years ago to pitch my one brilliant sitcom idea: "It's about a Nielsen family and will therefore be the highest-rated show ever, because every Nielsen family will watch it." That meeting went poorly, only partly because I was distracted by the UPN office, which is bright, cheerful and contains a life-size bronze statue of Sherman Hemsley in a bell-bottom suit holding a piece of pie. Let me repeat that: bright, cheerful and contains a life-size bronze statue of Sherman Hemsley in a bell-bottom suit holding a piece of pie. You try to pitch a sitcom after seeing that. This might explain the UPN lineup.

But last February a producer, apparently taken by the testosterone in my articles, asked if I'd like to try to write for a new series premiering this week on Comedy Central called *The Man Show*. Three weeks later I was on a plane to L.A. for a week-long writing gig and the chance to create that extra-sexy me I had long fantasized about. I called him Shane.

The first thing I learned about being a television writer is that even though I dress badly, it is not nearly bad enough. My button-down shirts and dress shoes were just asking to be made fun of by the all-male writing staff. So unfamiliar were these peo-

ple with leather soles, they kept referring to my "wood shoes."

I'm not sure if all TV offices are like this, or if it was just because this program was called *The Man Show*, but there was pornography everywhere. And everyone played mean jokes on each other. For a week co-host Adam Carolla, who had gone to the Grammys with one of the Dixie Chicks, believed she was sending him gifts. These gifts included flowers and a 6-ft. sub

with a note that said, "I will not be ignored!" TV hosts, I learned, aren't the smartest people on staff.

They are, however, the most powerful. The writers shared one office where we ate lunch at our desks and had to come up with three pages of funny ideas by 5:30. This was so difficult that one of my ideas was "C. Everett Koop Teaches You How to Dance."

So instead of spending lunch hour yelling at my agent at Morton's or scoring the phone numbers of women Scott Baio rejected, Shane shared a

Subway sandwich with another Jewish writer from New York. In fact, the one attractive woman who spoke to me that week wasn't interested in me when she found out I wrote for a TV show. She gave me a whole lot more attention when she found out I wrote for *TIME*. Until she said she'd never seen my byline. That's when the whole Shane thing backfired. After that week I decided TV writing wasn't me. Actually they did.

But I miss Shane. Now that I know he's not that talented, powerful or smooth with the ladies, my Hollywood dream is just a fun, overpaid desk job. Because even Comedy Central pays better than *TIME*. I think it has something to do with the fact that on TV the ads move. People seem to like that. ■



### BUREAUCRACY

**BETTER LATE THAN NEVER** Spring cleaning comes late in legislative sessions. Very late sometimes. A look at some of this month's housekeeping: **Russia:** Absolved four Romanovs who were executed 80 years ago **New Hampshire:** Became the last state to declare Martin Luther King Day an official holiday **Alabama:** Proposed lifting from its constitution a ban on interracial marriages **France:** Declared its seven-year skirmish with Algeria, which ended in 1962 after more than half a million deaths, a "war"



### FLOWER POWER

**BLUE GENES** Welcome to the brave new greenhouse. Last week Florigene, a biotech company based in Australia, launched its line of violet carnations, Moonshadow, which do not exist in nature but were genetically engineered using a gene from petunias. The company plans to release a black carnation (made with an eggplant gene) next year and eventually hopes to create blue-hued roses. Maybe one day it will even make people into Smurfs.



## MILESTONES

**CONVICTED. TIMOTHY BOOMER**, 25, of violating Michigan's 1897 anti-swearing law. In a case that drew much attention, a jury in rural Arenac County found Boomer guilty of repeatedly using "the F word" within earshot of children after his canoe overturned in a river. He faces 90 days in jail. The ACLU, which calls the law unconstitutional, has vowed an appeal.



**RELEASED. AUTUMN JACKSON**, 24, alleged extortioner of Bill Cosby, who Jackson said was her father (a claim Cosby denied); from federal prison; in Dublin, Calif. An appeals court overturned her 1997 conviction, saying the judge had not explained the extortion law adequately to the jury.



**DIED. DEFOREST KELLEY**, 79, actor best known for his role as the humane Dr. Leonard ("Bones") McCoy on *Star Trek's* U.S.S. *Enterprise*; in Woodland Hills, Calif. On the cult hit TV series and in six film versions, Dr. McCoy battled Leonard Nimoy's hyperlogical Mr. Spock, whose emotional pulselessness McCoy disdained. Though he could be melodramatic at the prospect of treating aliens—"I'm just a country doctor!"—he never let Captain Kirk down.

**DIED. EDDIE STANKY**, 83, pugnacious, pennant-winning second baseman; in Fairhope, Ala. Nicknamed "the Brat," Stanky battled his way through 11 seasons for National League teams, including the champion Brooklyn Dodgers, Boston Braves and New York Giants. "He can't run, he can't hit and he can't throw," said Dodgers general manager Branch Rickey. "But if there's a way to beat the other team, he'll find it."



**DIED. KENNETH S. DAVIS**, 86, historian and tireless biographer of Franklin D. Roosevelt; in Manhattan, Kans. The author of books on Adlai Stevenson and Dwight Eisenhower as well, he had just completed the fifth volume of his prize-winning life of F.D.R.

**DIED. JAMES ("ROSY") MCHARGUE**, 97, leather-lunged jazz reedman who played with Benny Goodman and Kay Kyser; in Santa Monica, Calif. The clarinetist, saxophonist and vocalist—whose career in clubs lasted 70 years—got his nickname from singing the Hawaiian novelty song *When Rosy Riccoola Do da Hoola Ma Boola*.

## NUMBERS



**\$301 billion** Revenue generated by the Internet economy last year—a conservative estimate

**\$206.5 billion** Gross domestic product of Saudi Arabia

**174.5%; 3.8%** Average annual growth rates of the virtual economy and the real-world economy over the past four years

**58** Number of officials President Clinton has appointed during a recess without Senate approval, including Ambassador James Hormel



**149** Number of Clinton appointees the Senate G.O.P. is threatening to hold back in retaliation

**239** Number of recess appointments made by Ronald Reagan



**116; 118** Atomic numbers of new elements announced last week

**0.0001** Time they existed, in sec.

**114** Atomic number of element created by Russian scientists in January, which lasted 30 sec.

Sources: University of Texas, Interimindications.com, CIA Factbook, San Francisco Chronicle, New York Times

## 60-SECOND SYMPOSIUM

It's old and there's no funding, so the Russian Space Agency can't keep space station Mir aloft. We asked those versed in the ways of space, "What would you do with Mir?"



"I would turn the Mir space station into a prison in which we would place criminals who are convicted of crimes against humanity. Their sentence is not only isolation in space, but they would be forced to look down on earth to see how interdependent humans are on each other."  
—William Shatner, actor, *Star Trek*

"We probably would not do anything with the Mir. It does not fit the mission profile for tourists in space. Our mission plan is to provide the tourist with an artificial-gravity environment by spinning the facility. If you do that on the Mir, it falls apart."  
—Gregory Bennett, V.P., Bigelow Aerospace, a firm developing space cruises and hotels

"The Mir has far exceeded expectations in 13 years. It should be left to rest peacefully. More efforts should be devoted to international space stations... The thing is bound to wear out, and that could be catastrophic if it was manned."  
—Pete Conrad, astronaut and CEO of Universal Space Lines, a start-up space airline

By Harriet Barovick, Michelle Darrow, Tam Gray, Daniel Levy, Lina Lofaro, David Spitz, Flora Tartakovsky and Chris Taylor

# WHO CHOSE GEORGE?

It took luck, hard work and a brand name for Governor Bush of Texas to become the front runner. Now the question is, Can he make it to the White House?

By **MICHAEL DUFFY** and **NANCY GIBBS**

**A**T TIMES OVER THE PAST THREE years it has been hard to know which story to believe about George W. Bush—the one about the pretender who was plotting to seize the throne, or the one about the reluctant son of the noble family who wasn't even sure whether he wanted to be King. This week, as he roars out of Texas with so much money and momentum behind him that people can't agree on whether this is the campaign's beginning or its end, the best way to grasp what has happened may be to imagine that both stories are true.

The plotting began, so quietly, not long after the last presidential campaign ended, if not always by Bush himself, then by those close to him. When the subject came up with their 5,000 closest friends, his parents suggested, ever so graciously, that they might not want to invest in any other candidates until they saw what young George was going to do. Michigan Governor John Engler, meanwhile, was recruiting a mighty power base among the nation's G.O.P. Governors, the only Republicans who got away with their shirts after the 1998 elections. From his nest down in Austin, campaign guru Karl Rove lured money men and operatives from every important state into a Virtual Smoke-Filled Room built out of calls and faxes and 300 e-mails a day. And all the while, Prince George stayed home, breaking all the rules of politics and inventing his own. He went nowhere near Iowa or New Hampshire, gave few big speeches, held no fund raisers, cruised to a crushing re-

election victory in Texas and pulled in more than \$7 million just in the month after he announced he might run.

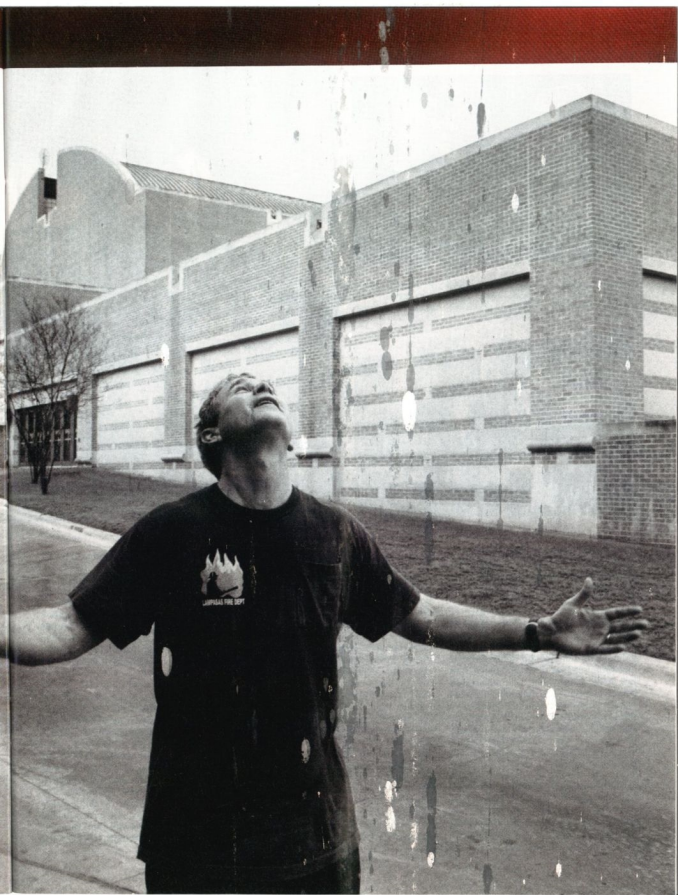
But by the time the party had fallen at his feet with the nomination on a velvet cushion, he had to launch a whole other campaign, more private, but just as important. Of the thousands of conversations he was having, the most interesting was the one he was having with himself. Bush is the son of a man who ran four times. He knows what it means to hang up your life in the closet and pack your heart and health and conscience into a carry-on bag, and then set out for the airport and never look back. It wouldn't be much fun. He wasn't sure he was ready. And he wasn't sure the time was right.

Funny thing about timing, though. It turns out that this may be the perfect time for a candidate with doubts. People like him without knowing much about him because he doesn't seem to want it too much. What could be more appealing, coming after a President who started running before he could walk and seemed willing to sacrifice anyone to win and hold onto the White House? And how better to reach out to voters who think the system is rotten but are too detached even to be disgusted anymore? Bush's wife Laura has the campaign slogan for the Age of Indifference: "You know, it doesn't matter," she told TIME. "If he wins, it'll be great. If he doesn't, we still have a life."

In a TIME/CNN poll last week, 62% of those surveyed had a favorable impression of him, even as 73% admitted they needed to know more. And so this rollout is all about making introductions. If they get this right, Bush aides whisper, the G.O.P.

**FORTUNE SMILES** After a workout, the Governor gave thanks for rain falling on his parched state









**OLY BUDDIES**  
Michigan's John Engler, above, helped build a new power base

**THE GURU**  
Campaign wiz Karl Rove, below, sends hundreds of e-mails a day

**IN IOWA**  
On Saturday, Bush kicks off his campaign at Cedar Rapids airport



nomination might be all wrapped up in the next three weeks. That is a breathtaking admission of a breathtaking strategy: raise so much money, lock down so many endorsements that the spotlight follows you everywhere, your opponents freeze to death in your shadow and, best of all, you cruise straight past the primaries and into the general election as "a uniter, not a divider," with none of the debts and scars and promises that slow candidates down just at the point when the campaign becomes a sprint. The Republican faithful would forgo their normal feedings of litmus tests and put up with this soggy message of "compassionate conservatism" because Bush has a message for them too. Three words: I can win. Now he just has to prove it will work.

"I NEVER DREAMT ABOUT BEING PRESIDENT," Bush told TIME. "It hasn't been part of my life's game plan. All of a sudden, people start talking to me about the presidency..."

The Bush team loves to recall the moment in the summer of 1997 when Karen Hughes, Bush's communications whiz, walked into the Governor's office with a poll showing him suddenly ahead of all the other Republican contenders. "You've got to be kidding me," Bush said, a reply conveniently retailed to reporters since. The polls were a bit fluky: a Republican working for Bush conceded that some 40% of those who picked Bush in the early days thought they were voting to bring back the Old Man, not Junior. But that was also the summer when the giants started to fall and the party cracked wide open: Jack Kemp and Colin Powell weren't in the game, Newt Gingrich was nearly toppled in a coup attempt in the House, and the other candidates seemed to have been running since the dawn of time without getting anywhere. "There was this vacuum," says a Republican strategist, "and it became like space. It was huge."

Ever since that time, the Bush team has insisted that what happened was more

good luck than hard work, that the party came to him. "This is the closest thing the party has ever had to a genuine draft," Rove told TIME. Added Hughes: "We returned a lot more phone calls than we made." All true: Bush may not be quick to create opportunities, but he is quick not to miss them. "Nothing in politics just happens," says veteran consultant Scott Reed. "What they have done is nothing short of awesome."

**T**HEY BEGAN WITH A HAPPY COINCIDENCE. The whole thing would be over before it began if Bush didn't get re-elected Governor of Texas, a state with a history of tossing Governors overboard after one term. Staying focused at home would also keep him out of the fray that was chewing up other politicians. And since the Texas Governor doesn't have much power, he had no choice but to build a big coalition, work with the Democrats and generally conduct himself in a way that





## TIME/CNN POLL

■ If the election for President were held today, for whom would you vote?



■ Do you have a favorable or unfavorable impression of:

	Favorable	Unfavorable
George W. Bush	62%	21%
Elizabeth Dole	52%	27%
Al Gore	48%	43%
Dan Quayle	33%	55%
Bill Bradley	28%	18%
Steve Forbes	26%	32%
John McCain	23%	17%
Pat Buchanan	21%	50%

■ If you were asked to vote for a Republican nominee for President today, for whom would you vote?\*

George W. Bush	54%
Elizabeth Dole	14%
Dan Quayle	8%
Steve Forbes	6%
Pat Buchanan	3%
John McCain	3%

\* Asked of 369 Republicans or Republican-leaning voters. Sampling error ±5%.

■ Percent saying each of the following is a "very important" reason for supporting Bush for nomination:\*

He is a person of strong character	81%
His experience as Governor of Texas	62%
His stand on issues is clear	58%
He has the best chance of beating a Democrat	56%
I like his father	38%
He's been endorsed by prominent Republicans	38%
I have heard more about him than about others	32%
I don't like the other Republican candidates	18%

\*Asked of these 288 Republicans or Republican-leaning voters who support Bush.

■ Do you know enough about Bush to decide whether he would make a good President?

Know enough	26%
Need to know more	73%

■ Does the fact that George W. Bush is the son of a former President make you more or less likely to vote for him?

More likely	42%
Less likely	24%
No difference	31%

From a telephone poll of 1,031 adult Americans taken for TIME/CNN on June 9-10 by Harrisburg Partners Inc. Sampling error ±3.7%. "Not sure" and "unfamiliar" omitted.

offered a perfect contrast to the eye gouging going on in Washington. Together Bush and his coalition would pass the biggest tax cut in the state's history, reform its tort-liability system and boost reading scores enough to give him bragging rights on a national scale.

But if Bush stayed home and didn't open the door, he didn't slam it either. He left it ajar and started flirting. The G.O.P. moneymen are a skittish lot: they love a winner, hate being left behind, and once a bunch start to go, the rest tend to follow. This time around, there was so much hunger for a winner that Bush could actually hope to do something no one had ever managed before: sweep the money primary, the first big test of whom the insiders like, and pretty much coast through the ones that involve actual voters. The other candidates, still hoping that a surprise breakout in Iowa or New Hampshire would win them enough attention to make up for all the ads they couldn't afford to buy, weren't counting on Bush's suck-

ing all the oxygen out of the race before it even starts.

Bush had a giant basket of names to start with—from Texas, from his father, from his work in Major League Baseball, from Yale, Harvard and Andover. He and Rove appealed to the old hands in a new way: he actually asked for their opinions before he asked for their money. He questioned them about the political landscape, about the other candidates' strengths and weaknesses, about policy—the kind of intellectual stroking that fund raisers don't normally get. And Bush's team set out to pull in a whole new cadre, people who hadn't been interested in politics before because it was an old man's game, who had watched the Democrats anoint the baby boomers in 1992 while the G.O.P. grayheads fumbled. As Bush told a fund raiser in the fall of 1997, "If I do something, I'd like to have my friends who have some campaign experience around me. It's not going to look backward. I don't want people who are cynical and scarred from my father's time."

By fall, Rove was in steady contact with operatives in key states, asking veterans whom to call, whom to meet, how to make approaches and what they were hearing. His line to them was the same: "Keep your powder dry." It was too early to ask for a commitment, but with those four words, the Bush team froze dozens of fund raisers and organizers in place so no other candidate could win them over. Robert Bennett, the Ohio party chairman, recalls the early feelers from Rove that summer. "They weren't ruling it in; they weren't ruling it out. But they were leaving the definite impression that they were—how shall I say—heading for a presidential effort."

That first year, Bush made only one mistake: he gave a flat speech in Indianapolis, Ind., at a party event designed to showcase the contenders. But even this tiny stumble turned out for the best. Bush had a reason to avoid beauty contests for the next two years and a handy reference for lowering expectations. He remained

## CAMPAIGN 2000

extremely disciplined in interviews, telling the stories about how he didn't want to grow up to be President, he wanted to be Willie Mays, keeping his famous temper in check, turning the other cheek.

**B**EFORE LONG, THE 2000 QUESTION dogged Bush everywhere he went. "He'd get on an elevator," says Hughes, "and people would say, 'I hope I can call you President someday, Governor.'" Every week there would be another poll. And Danish TV would turn up in Beaumont. It just built and built. "The buzz became a distraction, so Bush called a press conference in October to explain, in a parse-this-if-you-dare statement, that he had not made up his mind. Said Bush: 'It is not in the best interests of Texas for me to say right now that I will not run for President.'"

After the moneymen, the next constituency to woo were the heavyweights who really control the Republican Party these days—the Governors, with their early-warning systems and their fund-raising networks and their serene distance from the party in Congress. One of the first to sign on was Montana's Marc Racicot, who had called in September 1997 out of the blue and told Bush that if he runs, "I'll be there." You're early, the Governor replied then, given the fact that he hadn't even announced whether he was running again for Governor. "Well," Racicot replied, "I'm from the West, and I know a good horse when I see one."

Before 1998, the Republican Governors had never coalesced as a power base, partly because there had never been such a critical mass, 32 of them in all. In contrast to the sinking Congress, the Governors were emerging as stars, centrist and practical CEOs who were busy fixing welfare and improving schools and cutting taxes while Gingrich fiddled. And they came to the table bearing gifts: their organizations, their financial backers and their endorsements. Unlike Clinton, Bush had never been a big mover among the other Governors, never an intellectual force or a policy genius. But they all knew him, many liked him, and most could see he had a priceless brand name.

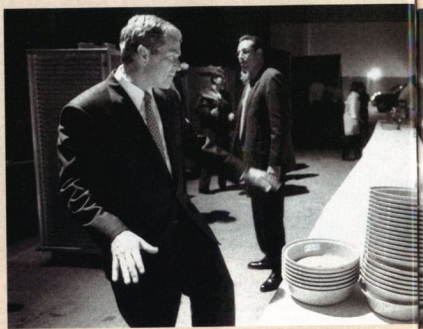
At the center of the recruitment effort was Michigan's Engler, a two-term Governor who had spent much of the 1990s turning the Republican Governors Association from a paper tiger into an organization that could raise \$20 million in a single cycle. During 1998, Engler was the Republican who worried most about how the G.O.P. of Gingrich and Trent Lott had grown too detached from Americans'

lives. "A lot of us decided he was the best candidate," Engler told TIME last week. "We wanted to be able to work with someone early on." Though careful to be discreet, Engler privately began to lobby his colleagues on the phone or in meetings, one at a time, sounding them out with an invitation and a warning, similar to what the fund raisers were hearing: Don't wait too long; when the train is leaving the station, you don't want to be the last to climb on board. "I think George looks strong," he'd say to his colleagues. "What do you think?"

And he wasn't always so subtle. At one

had the right moves. In May 1998 he went to Ohio fund raisers for gubernatorial candidate Bob Taft and helped raise \$700,000. "Bush was a huge draw," said Brian Hicks, who ran Taft's campaign. "People who would normally write a check but not attend the event attended the event. And those who normally do both but don't care about pictures got a picture."

In these early, intimate meetings, people wanted to see if he was one of them. Was he truly a conservative or a moderate, a Christian, a tax cutter, a libertarian? What breed of Republican was this guy? Bush seemed to have found a universal lan-



nca meeting Engler gathered his colleagues around a table and said, "I think it's got to be someone out of Washington. The only way we take the presidency back is if it's someone from this table." As a participant put it later, "We all knew he wasn't talking about Bill Janklow of South Dakota."

Bush matched this effort by appearing as a guest star at carefully chosen fund raisers in key states. It was an old-fashioned way to do favors—and broaden his financial network. He and his father campaigned for Jim Gilmore in Virginia in 1997; the \$500,000 take stunned even Gilmore's aides. There was a growing curiosity about this popular Governor with the big halo; organizers and activists and consultants wanted to see for themselves whether he

guage. Warren Tompkins, a veteran G.O.P. operative in South Carolina, watched Bush come into the Palmetto State last year to raise money for Governor David Beasley. Tompkins recalled how people from both left and right remarked afterward, "This guy is talking to me." "Shoot," said Tompkins later, "that's when I thought this thing is gonna be real."

The hunger for a winner was about the eternal appetite for access and power, but there may have been something else at work as well among Republicans who had come to view Clinton's presidency as fundamentally illegitimate. It was not just that the Republicans had all but owned the White House for years. It was that Clinton had won by stealing their issues and then selling them better than they

had, had not honored the office, and it was time to get it back.

Nowhere did the zeal for a winner work to Bush's advantage as in California, a state where the G.O.P. has factions inside factions. In April 1998, Bush went West to campaign for gubernatorial hopeful Dan Lungren in Los Angeles, San Francisco and Silicon Valley. At one event, about a dozen of Lungren's biggest backers practically cornered Bush during a private conversation and pressed him to run. Bush demurred, in deference to Governor Pete Wilson, who was still considering another run at the nomination. But he winked. "I

generational change. Like incumbency. Like the tides of history." The tides of history, in 1998, could not have been more helpful if he had aligned the moons and planets himself. A popular Democratic Administration was drowning in scandal. The Republican Party in Washington was obsessed, adrift and seemingly intent on proving to voters that it had no clue about what was actually on their minds. And all the while Bush was waltzing to re-election in Texas against a Democratic opponent so hapless that the Democratic lieutenant governor endorsed Bush instead. Bush remarked to his father during the summer

visit. Petitions began appearing from state legislators, some orchestrated by Austin, some not, calling on Bush to run or signaling their support if he did. Silicon Valley executives starting taking out ads in newspapers pumping his candidacy. The checks came in unsolicited at state party headquarters, to Republican consultants, to old friends of the Bush family.

At this point it became impossible to separate what the Bush team was doing to fan the flames and the sheer heat of the inferno. Yet the striking thing about this moment, after so many months of quietly working the bellows, is that it seems to have singled even Bush himself. The more it grew and burned out of his control, the less it looked as if he'd have any choice of walking away. Even if the expressions of reluctance had been designed to signal his distance from the process, the doubts now took on a life of their own. Yet each statement of uncertainty only tended to cement his position as far as everyone else was concerned. "The more he said it," said a G.O.P. consultant, "the more he doth protest [too much]. But the more attractive he became."

Bush was caught in what a longtime friend called a "heart and head" problem. His head was in the race, but his heart wasn't. Within his inner circle, especially the tight-knit, politically hard-wired Bush family, the debate cut right to the bone. His mother told an audience that if he didn't run, she'd kill him. But his brother Marvin, who has never cared for the political maelstrom, thought he'd be crazy to do it. Sometime last summer, Bush had explained to his brother that he was leaning toward a run, but he had not made up his mind. "I'm not there yet," was the quote that made the rounds in the family. Some concerns were almost biblical, the cycles of fat and lean years. Did he really want to be the one who presides over the next Bush recession, given how his father had suffered in contrast to eight years of the Reagan expansion?

And then there were the people who mattered most: Bush was not keen about subjecting his teenage daughters to the scrutiny that he and his siblings had endured in the 1970s and '80s. When he sat down with daughters Barbara and Jenna to talk about running, it was as though Chelsea Clinton was right there in the room. Would there be tabloid stories about every boyfriend, every rock concert, not to mention the Secret Service agents in the college dorm? Bush's wife Laura, a funny, private woman, was pretty blunt too. They already had a wonderful life, more than they could have imagined. Did they really want to have to ride a motorcade to go to the grocery store?



**CLAN GATHERING** Last week the Bushes reunited in Houston for a gala celebration of President Bush's 75th birthday and Barbara's 74th

**DOES HE HAVE THE RIGHT MOVES?** Governor Bush performs for the food-service workers backstage at the Astrodome before the gala. All proceeds were to be donated to a Bush endowment for cancer research

want to be your second choice," Bush told them, tipping his hand.

The deep wallets all dove in, not just Wilson guys but Lungren backers and old Reaganites and factions that usually try to have nothing to do with one another. Bush refused to rank them, stack the chairmen atop the vice chairmen; instead he made them all "pioneers," committed to raising \$100,000 each for his campaign. "He did to California what Tito did to Yugoslavia," said Wayne Berman, a top G.O.P. fund raiser in Washington. "He pulled all the factions together and said it is better to live together than die alone."

Bush and his people talk about currents too powerful for any politician, however canny, to shape. "A lot of this you just can't control," Bush told TIME. "Like

that the trickiest part of the job was keeping expectations under control.

But after Nov. 3, there was no controlling much of anything anymore. While Republicans around the country were wiped off the map in key states like California, Bush won his second term with nearly 70% of the vote, including 65% of women, 49% of Hispanics and 27% of blacks. The most divisive Republicans were the ones who went down in flames. Bush had heads snapping with the breadth of his support. And, by the way, his brother Jeb was now the Governor of Florida.

From that moment, among Republicans, the sheer hunger for victory swamped all distinctions of rank, ideology and geography. Corporate chieftains were calling down to Austin, wanting to come

## CAMPAIGN 2000

But the doubts weren't just about his daughters or his wife but about himself as well. He wasn't sure he was ready. No one admits to that publicly, but Bush came close. He has told audiences proudly that he doesn't need a poll or a focus group to know what he believes. But he also knew what he didn't know. With so much catching up to do, so much risk if he kept talking publicly about "Grecians" and "Kosovians," Bush imported the best brains in his party for a crash course on how to sound like a President.

Even some of his allies among the Governors caught a glimpse of the conflict, the flattery and fear of the whole thing. After the election, Bush went to Israel for a week with three other Governors—Raciocot of Montana, Mike Leavitt of Utah and Paul Cellucci of Massachusetts. Raciocot watched as crowds all over Israel and the West Bank immediately recognized Bush. They called his name as he walked by, gathered when he spoke. But Raciocot could also see that the pressure on Bush to run was becoming a burden, something he was not ready to embrace. Leavitt remarked that all through the trip, Bush saw his "destiny" flash before him.

Ask anyone close to him about the moment Bush finally made peace with running, and it is uncanny how they all paint the same picture. It came in January, when he was sitting in a private prayer service before his inaugural, just friends and family. Pastor Mark Craig started preaching about duty, about how Moses tried to resist God's call, and the sacrifice that leadership requires. And as they sat there, Barbara Bush leaned over to the son who has always been most like her and said, "He's talking to you, George."

The story is so perfect, God's calling him to lead a broken people, it is like candy for the skeptics who believe that every moment of this extraordinary ascent has been spun and scripted down to the last amen. It has something for everyone: it works for the family, for the Christians, for the Texans, the independents and moderates who don't want someone who feels he just deserves this by birthright. It works for those who believe this is all

about revenge, with mom sitting there in her triple strand of pearls urging her son on. It also might have the virtue of being true.

From that point on, say the Governor's allies, he threw his back into the race. Within the Bush camp, the dominant conversation ever since has been how to manage these expectations—with the answer that if you keep talking about how high they are, it will seem too conventional for reporters to write about how he failed to meet them, and so maybe, just maybe, the news cycle will smile on them and the counterintuitive story of the debut

Social Security. Some of Bush's opponents have made their annoyance at all this tip-toeing plain. "People don't know what he stands for," said Dan Quayle in Iowa last week, wondering how Junior swiped his crown. "He's got to come in and fight for this nomination. I'll be darned if we're going to have this nomination inherited by a particular candidate."

Bush loyalists have a ready answer for that charge. The old days of the smoke-filled rooms, says an aide, produced better candidates than the current primary process that has seen Lamar Alexander campaign nonstop for six years. "The genius of the old system was that people with the interests of the party at heart made decisions," the Bush aide argues. "They knew the guys' characters: He's got it, he doesn't. He's clean, he's a slimeball. Clinton wouldn't have got very far under that system."

Of course, the old smoke-filled rooms were filthy places, for cutting deals and making threats and trading bribes, and the old bosses were not always weighing the merits when they christened their candidates. It is hard to watch the Bush anointment and not be shocked by the sheer, almost undemocratic nerve of it, and the risk that this could all blow

up and leave the party with a choice among broken and, other than Steve Forbes, peniless understudies. "No matter how much support you get from insiders, activists, fund raisers, you still gotta run the gauntlet," says longtime Republican strategist Charles Black. "You gotta earn it at the polls. That's the beauty of the system. You won't know until February how he's gonna do."

And so the curtain goes up on a race that may just be beginning, or may already be in its last act. "If he does well, it's his. If he doesn't, he could fall so fast. You could have him on the cover in June—and never hear from him again," says Steve Merksamer, a top California strategist who is working for Forbes. "You wonder if they are building a schoolhouse here out of straw. It's big and shiny, built in 90 days, but the contractor put it together in a way that when the first stiff wind comes, the house blows down." For Bush supporters, that's their greatest fear. For his opponents, that's their strongest hope.



**WARM BACKING** Wife Laura hugs Bush while George Shultz stands by

will be that Bush actually lived up to them. How else to explain the name of the plane that ferried Bush to Iowa last weekend: *Great Expectations*?

"I take nothing for granted," Bush said in a rough-and-ready maiden speech on Saturday. "I'm running, and I'm running hard. I'm taking my front-porch campaign to every front porch in this state." Standing between bales of hay and farm tractors, Bush drew only broad strokes for reduced taxes and regulation, free trade, a strong military and an aggressive approach to education. He made official the mantra of his run. "I'm proud to be a compassionate conservative. I welcome the label and, on this ground, I will make my stand."

This summer, Bush aides say, is all about introducing the candidate and letting folks get a sense of his heart. Come the fall, when people might start paying attention to politics, there will be plenty of time for him to lay out a 10-point plan on fixing

up and leave the party with a choice among broken and, other than Steve Forbes, peniless understudies. "No matter how much support you get from insiders, activists, fund raisers, you still gotta run the gauntlet," says longtime Republican strategist Charles Black. "You gotta earn it at the polls. That's the beauty of the system. You won't know until February how he's gonna do."

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# The Moon Watch



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THE PRESIDENCY/Hugh Sidey

## Dad Says, "I Don't Miss Politics"

But that may be because he's got something better: a family legacy to watch over

**B**ACK IN 1988, JIM HIGHTOWER, A RAZOR-TONGUED TEXAS DEMOCRAT, amused the nation by saying presidential candidate George Bush was a man "born on third base [who] thought he had hit a triple." Hightower was only a little bit right.

Bush was born intelligent, healthy, handsome, tastefully wealthy, with the best social and school connections and a lust for adventure, to a mother and father who taught him the virtue of public service. So he may have been born closer to home plate than even Hightower suggested.

But Bush always knew this. He rode his privilege joyously through these first 75 years but always with good humor, and every step of the way he thanked God and anybody else within earshot for "being the luckiest guy on earth." His constant awe about his luck may have been one reason he did not win a second presidential term, but once again Providence may have been dealing out a lucky hand, clearing the way for a new generation that could elevate him to something greater than mere political power—patriarch of history's most commanding family in American public life, beyond the Adamases, the Harrisons, the Roosevelts and the Kennedys. Home plate may be only a step away.

So there he was in full birthday mode last week, munching a Morton's roast-beef sandwich after tumbling wildly through 5,000 feet of Texas sky. He was so blissful up there, he missed his skydiving instructor Glenn Bangs' signal to pull his rip cord. (Bush's other parachuting companion, Andy Serrano, pulled it.) "What a high!" he laughed as his promise to Barbara not to jump again slipped away with each memory of touching the clouds in free fall.

After a whole week of 75th-birthday hoopla, as he sent his son George W. Bush off to run for the presidency, he seemed (almost) ready to move on. "I don't think in terms of a dynasty or a great legacy," he said. "I think in terms of family. A lot of people ask me how George W.'s running for President and the possibility of him being in the White House will affect me. It won't impact me that much. I've been there. I've done that. I'm not entitled to a damn thing. It is their turn now."

Their turn? Often these days when Bush talks about the coming political era, he inadvertently (or maybe not) jumps together both his political boys, George W. and Florida's Governor Jeb Bush, as if they might be coupled in some inexorable public caravan carrying them down the White House road. President Bush will only allow the slightest look into that corner of his heart: "I think Jeb will be on the national scene some day."

When Bush read the comment that his eldest would at last be

ushered into "the big leagues" by campaigning in Iowa, he managed a wry smile. "Both boys have seen it all up close," he said. "They went through a tough time in 1992 with me. They felt my defeat. They fought back. They stood loyally with me. That conditioned them. They know how tough it can be. And they are both better equipped for it. George W. will never be complacent. He's seen things go up, he's seen things go down."

While public service has been a staple of the Bush family for decades, it was never imposed on this generation. "George W. was doing very well in business with the Texas Rangers baseball team," said President Bush. "It surprised me a little when he decided to run for Governor. I've always felt that people in public

life should have done something in the private sector before. But, yes, it was kind of interesting when he told us his plans."

The President is even more surprised now at the surging energy behind George W.'s presidential run. "I've never seen such a groundswell." But the past also makes him weary. "I don't know. He's doing so good right now, but these things can change fast."

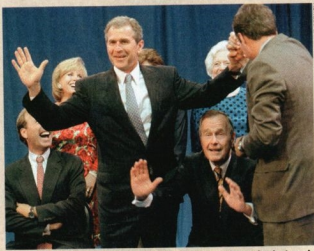
What never changes is George Bush's belief that his greatest challenge, his greatest achievement, is his family. "The family is the overriding consideration. It gives strength for everything else. We don't have to refurbish this family,

George W. and Jeb have never

been closer, and the other children are as much a part of us. Right now, it is tremendously exciting that there are two [Bushes] in public life, and I want their desires to be fulfilled. But Bar and I are going to stay out of the fray. We can help raise money. If George W. wants to talk, he can call me. But I'm enjoying turning down all requests for interviews. I don't miss being in politics."

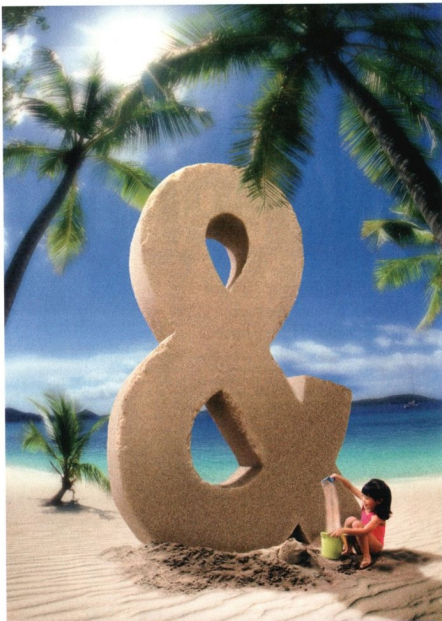
The truth of Bush's words was on display all last week in Houston as the birthday celebrations went on with kids and grandkids and friends and entertainers and power seekers from all over the world. Wherever the Bushes congregated, they were rarely in family huddles; but when you watched, they seemed always to be connected—with a gesture, a glance, a joke from the podium, the President laughing at whatever lame jest one of the kids made, Barbara surveying everybody's manners.

In the cheer surrounding his birthday, there seemed only the vaguest concession to mortality from the former President. When he was studying a landing site for his parachute jump near the Bush presidential library grounds at Texas A&M, he suddenly pointed to a small grove of trees near a pond. "That's where Barbara and I will be buried," he said. But his voice had its usual verve, as if to say that even that would be an adventure. ■



A splash of fun: the Bushes ham it up during a portrait session last week





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# HOW GEORGE GOT HIS GROOVE

The late-blooming Bush was a failure at 40. But he changed his life and found a road that led him to the statehouse and beyond. Here's how

By ERIC POOLEY with S.C. GWYNNE

**T**OM DICKEY DUCKED INTO GEORGE W. Bush's office and found his boss in a rare pensive mood. It was the spring of 1986 in the West Texas town of Midland, and Dickey, a young geologist at Bush's oil-exploration company, Spectrum 7, had come looking for some optimism—usually a good bet from Bush. After all, Bush was that lean, kinetic, glass-half-full kind of guy who loved edgy verbal sparring and dumb nicknames (he called Dickey "Total Depth," a drilling term that matched his initials). But this time Bush was fresh out of optimism. With his cowboy boots propped up on his desk, he was leaning back in his chair, gazing out the window at the parched and desolate landscape of Midland, 50 miles from the New Mexico border. The financial capital of America's largest oil-producing area, Midland was a boomtown going bust.

Since January, the price of oil had been dropping like a stone, from \$25 to \$9 per bbl. Independent oilmen like Bush were going under every day, dragging with them six of Midland's banks and its real estate, oil-services and retail industries. From the Rolls-Royce dealership on down, the whole town was getting shuttered. "I don't know, Dickey," Bush said. He was about to turn 40. He had been telling his employees that the hard times would last a few months, that they would just ride 'em out. But he let down his guard. "I don't know where the hell this is all going," he said, watching a helicopter touch down at the bigger, still successful operation across the way. "Dickey," he said

suddenly, "you need to get out of here. You need to go where there's some action."

Bush might have been talking about himself. Normally, he liked to plow ahead, come what may. "The Bombastic Bushkin," as his friends called him, had never had a life's plan, never needed one. But now he was feeling stuck, restless, more than a little bored. He wasn't making money or having fun. He didn't have to worry about putting food on the table (Bushes never worried about that), but money was a way to keep score, and he was losing the competition, courting failure in the same business—the same town—where his father, the Vice President, had struck it rich 30 years before. Spectrum 7 was bleeding to death. He would either have to sell out or shut down.

He had other issues, as well. Booze was

one. He drank too much—never during the day and not enough to count as bingeing but so much that his wife Laura and at least one colleague had urged him to quit. God was also on his mind. Bush had been opening up to his faith, reading the Bible seriously for the first time in his life. "I believe my spiritual awakening started well before the price of oil went to \$9 per bbl.," Bush says today. But he acknowledges that 1986 was a watershed year in his life, "a year of change, when I look back on it." He pauses. "I really never have connected all the dots that way."

In an interview with *TIME*, he is looking back from a vantage point that's both lofty and unlikely: the polished-wood confines of the Governor's office in Austin, where he has been enjoying the life of undeclared presidential front runner. How did a man who was, as a cousin once described it, "on the road to nowhere at age 40" find the road that led him here? Even some close friends are surprised by Bush's sudden rise. Others who knew him casually years ago are astonished that he might be deemed presidential-im-

GEORGE BUSH PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARY/22



## LIKE FATHER...

**1955** Little George with his parents in Rye, N.Y. After his sister Robin died of leukemia, he was coddled, protected  
**1978** Campaigning for Congress on a Texas oil rig. He was in a tough race but wouldn't let his father go out and stump for him. He wanted to do it himself



ber. "If George is elected President," says Midland geologist David Rosen, a Democrat who was once a neighbor of Bush's, "it would destroy my faith in the office. Because he is such an ordinary guy. Likable and decent? Sure. Presidential? I would not say so."

The late bloomer is a rare but recognizable presidential type. Think Harry S. Truman or Ulysses S. Grant. No one can say whether George W. Bush will join their ranks, but it is possible to trace how he changed his life and made such a thing possible. The answers are in West Texas in 1986, Washington in 1988 and Dallas in 1990.

Within a few months of his encounter with Dickey, Bush quit drinking. Soon after, he sold his ailing company for a miraculous profit and moved his family to Washington, where he worked on his father's 1988 presidential campaign and, he has said, "earned

his spurs" in the old man's eyes. He helped put together the group that bought the Texas Rangers baseball team and plotted a run for Governor. It was as if someone had thrown a cosmic switch and his future came into focus. "Let's face it, George was not real happy [in Midland]," says oilman Joseph O'Neill, one of his closest friends. "It's the first-son syndrome. You want to live up to the very high expectations set by your father, but at the same time you want to go your own way, so you end up going kicking and screaming down the exact same path your father made. George didn't learn to channel his energy until middle age, and he didn't feel real comfortable until he went to Washington. He hated Washington, but it charged him up," says O'Neill. "Then, with the Rangers, he really hit stride. It took some hard times and big jobs to bring out the bigness in him."

## 1986 BOOM AND BUST

THE OFFICE TOWERS OF MIDLAND ARE MONUMENTS to the high hopes and short memory of man. The downtown buildings, which rise 20 stories above the West Texas scrub, sprang up during the good years—mid-'50s, late '70s, early '90s—and stand half-empty during the bad. In 1973, Midland's most feverish era was touched off by the Arab oil embargo, and suddenly everyone who had ever lived in or passed through the place came looking for oil. When George W. showed up in 1975, not yet 30, he was a curious amalgam of West Texas and East Coast—a Midland childhood mixed with schooling at Phillips Academy and Yale, then a succession of jobs, parties and girlfriends in Houston, none of which fired his imagination. After being rejected by the

University of Texas law school in 1973, he applied to Harvard Business School—without telling his family he was doing so—and was accepted. M.B.A. in hand, he headed for a buddy's ranch in Tucson, Ariz., and stopped to visit friends in Midland. There he met one old pal after another who was getting into oil, and "it occurred to me that Midland was the place. I needed to go," he says. "There was excitement in the air. People were beginning to get the scent."

His friend O'Neill told him he should learn the oil business by working for an established company a few years. George was too impatient for that. He hired himself out for \$100 a day as a landman, searching mineral-rights titles in county courthouses around West Texas. "I basically taught myself," he says. Bush's move to Midland is at the heart of his official myth. Driving out in an old Cutlass with \$20,000 and a dream, scraping by in tatty chinos and beat-up shoes. It's as close as the son of a President can get to calling himself a self-made man. The details may be true, but the message is bogus, because it ignores Bush's extraordinary family connections. He tried hard to be a regular guy but wasn't; he was famously frugal—"so tight he damn near squeaked," says a colleague—but didn't really need money. Rich friends of his father backed his business ventures.

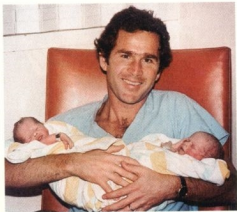
They also backed him when he decided to run for Congress in 1977, after only two years in town. (Yet George W. didn't want his fa-

PHOTOS COURTESY ROBERT PRITCHETT/UTAH LIBRARY (2)



## SHRUB GROWS UP

**1964** Grabbing a nap at Andover  
**1982** The proud papa with twin daughters Barbara and Jenna  
**1978** Newlyweds on parade: He campaigned for Congress with his wife Laura but promised she'd never have to give a speech







## INSIDE THE BELTWAY

**1989** At his father's Inaugural with Laura and their friends Lee and Sally Atwater; during the campaign, George W. and his father worked together closely for the first time and arrived at a new level of trust and respect



ther to campaign for him; he wanted to do it himself.) The decision to run violated a basic family tenet: First make your mark and your fortune, then run for office. Only those who knew him well had seen it coming. "He wasn't obsessed with politics, but it was always there," says Charles Younger, a Midland surgeon and longtime Bush jogging partner. A famously eligible bachelor, Bush had also surprised friends by courting and marrying—in just three months—a librarian named Laura Welch, who was as reserved and knowing as he was brash and noisy. She made him promise that she would never have to give a speech. (So much for that vow.) "We campaigned the whole first year of our marriage," she says.

Like his dad, Bush had no patience running for small-time local offices; no one gave him much chance of winning his race. But he was a natural—handsome, "not the smartest guy in the world but smart enough," as Younger says, blessed with an honest love of pressing the flesh. He won the G.O.P. primary, then ran against state senator Kent Hance, who used a populist tactic Bush would never forget. Hance compared his own West Texas "credentials" with Bush's Andover-Yale-Harvard ones. When Hance got through with him, Bush smelled like some exotic houseplant on a New England windowsill. "I remember going to the American Agricultural Convention in the Lubbock Coliseum," says Bush. "I was surrounded by farmers. They wanted to talk about the Trilateral Commission. And I look over their shoulders, and there

was Hance. I take my hat off to him." Bush lost, 47% to 53%. Never again would he let a rival paint him as an elitist. "George has got a lot folksier since then," says O'Neill.

Bush went back into oil. He started hiring for his own company, Arbusto (Spanish for bush), raising money from a network of East Coast backers who were close to his father and uncle, money manager Jonathan Bush. Among them were drugstore tycoon Lewis Lehrman, who lost a bid for Governor of New York in 1982; venture capitalist William H. Draper III, who would become president of the U.S. Export-Import Bank during the Reagan Administration; and Celanese CEO John Macomber, who later landed the same post.

If connections got him in the door, talent sealed the deal. "The politician was in him," says Jim McAninch, who ran Bush's drilling operations in the early days. "He was a great promoter and a great money raiser." He also had, as a former colleague puts it, "a photographic memory"—a malapropism that captures his gift for the social side of life, his Clintonian ability to remember names of countless people he has met only briefly.

As CEO of Arbusto, Bush developed the same management style he uses today, a flat structure with easy access to the boss who guides but doesn't sweat the details. "He hires good men, and lets 'em do their job," says McAninch. "He had a lot of oil-field savvy even though he didn't have a technical background." In its first five years, Arbusto drilled 95 wells, hitting oil or gas about 50% of the time, an average perfor-

mance. "George used to say, 'Man, we need a company maker,'" recalls Dickey, who discovered some vast oil fields in later years, working for other companies. "I always felt bad I never found one for him. He was the best boss I ever had."

In 1982, Bush stumbled by trying to go public with a drilling fund just as oil prices dipped. That year he also sold 10% of his company to a Panamanian company run by Philip Uzielli, a longtime friend of Vice President Bush's top adviser James A. Baker III, who later became Secretary of State. What raised eyebrows was the price Uzielli paid: \$1 million in exchange for 10% of Bush's company, whose total worth at the time was \$382,000. Bush says the infusion wasn't a bailout. Arbusto, he says, "wasn't in trouble. We were in growth mode." Bush says he met Uzielli through investors and at first didn't know of his ties to Baker. "Jim Baker didn't introduce me to him. Jim Baker didn't pick up the phone and say, 'Phil, you must invest with George W.'" So why did Uzielli pay so much for his 10% stake? "There was a lot of romance and a lot of upside in the oil business," Bush explains. "Everybody thought the price of oil was going to \$100." Uzielli, who has said he lost money on the deal, couldn't be reached for comment.

In 1984, Bush merged his company with Spectrum 7, an oil-drilling firm run by two supporters of his father, Bill DeWitt and Mercer Reynolds. It was a good fit. Arbusto had oil prospects; Spectrum had a network of investors. The merger doubled the size of Bush's operation, and the Spec-

PHOTO: BLACK STAR; PHOTO: AP/WIDE WORLD

## CAMPAIGN 2000

trum people wanted to upgrade his image with fancy furniture and a company car, but Bush wouldn't hear of it. "Those were the doodah days in Midland," says O'Neill's wife Jan, "and a lot of people couldn't resist—jets, boats, cars. George didn't go for that." He liked the image he had.

He was optimistic, but a sign that high hopes weren't warranted had come in late 1983, when the First National Bank of Midland collapsed under the weight of bad loans. "We had a saying that year," says oilman Don Evans, now national finance chairman for Bush's exploratory committee: "Stay alive till '85." But '85 was worse. Oil prices sagged, and investments dried up. By December, rumor had it that oil prices were about to plunge, and it happened right on schedule in January 1986. As prices cratered, those who had been using their oil reserves as collateral defaulted to the banks. Midland's economy folded like a bad poker hand. Bush had always followed conservative business practices, and since he'd had

his network of investors to tap, his debt exposure was less than that of many others. He took a 25% pay cut, and his staff took smaller ones. But soon he realized that unless he found a buyer, it was just a matter of time before Spectrum died.

"Everybody was in pretty much the same boat," says Evans' wife Susie, who has known George since elementary school, "and everybody pulled together. When times were hard, we had dinner parties." At some of those parties, George drank more than was wise. "Usually the next morning," Laura Bush says, "he would tell him he should quit. Spectrum president Paul Rea gently suggested the same thing."

Bush and his friends say the media have made too much of his drinking, that the W didn't stand for Wild, that the rumors are overblown. (Bush now jokes about the stories: "I bought cocaine at my dad's Inauguration," he facetiously told a writer for *Texas Monthly*.) Among Bush's Midland crowd, the favorite mind-altering substances were beer and whiskey. And most people say Bush's consumption was not especially gaudy.

Jim McAninch's daughter frequently baby-sat for the Bushes' twin girls Barbara and Jenna, "and George would drive her home late at night, after his social events," McAninch says. "I never saw him drunk. If I had, I wouldn't have let him drive my girl." Charlie Younger, who jogged three or four

miles with Bush most every day, allows that "George would have more fun than the average guy at the party." For Bush, it was too much fun. "I didn't drink every minute of the day," he says, "but I drank too much."

He confronted the problem once and for all during a three-day weekend in late July 1986 at the Broadmoor, a grand old resort in Colorado Springs. The Bushes and their closest friends had gone there to escape the Oil Patch and celebrate a communal 40th-birthday party: George and Don Evans both turned 40 that month, and their wives would reach the milestone in the fall. Joe and Jan O'Neill (she was also nearing 40) were there as well. The men made for the links—"George plays golf like it was soccer," says O'Neill, "chasing after the ball and trying to hit it again before it stops rolling"—and everyone went to chapel at the Air Force Academy. One night Neil Bush came in from Denver for dinner, and the friends stayed up late, laughing and drinking.

"We weren't that loud," says O'Neill.

"But the next morning, nobody felt great." Contrary to some reports, Bush made no dramatic breakfast-table declaration about quitting. He said nothing—at first, not even to Laura. "It's easy to say, 'I quit,'" he says. "But this time I meant it." It wasn't until they got home that he told her he was finished with alcohol. "He just said, 'I'm going to quit,' and he did," Laura remembers. "That was it. We joked about it later, saying he got the bar bill and that's why."

Part of what prompted him to give it up, a friend says, was that "he didn't want to do anything under the influence that might embarrass his father," who was preparing to run for President. George W. was also experiencing a religious awakening, one that began with his now famous 1985 encounter with evangelist Billy Graham, at the Bush-family compound in Kennebunkport, Me. After praying privately with Graham—"It was a real personal religious visit," he says—he joined a men's Bible-study group in Midland, "taking inventory of himself," his friend

Donald Ensenat says. As the economic crisis deepened, so did his faith. "The words took on a new meaning," he told TIME. "It's not simple, and each person's walk is different. I have sought redemption, and I believe I have received it. And now it's up to me to live the life."

As he did so, his friends and family say, he became less edgy, less angry, more comfortable with himself. "George was already disciplined in a lot of ways except for drinking. He was a great runner," says Laura. "And when he was able to stop, that gave him a lot of confidence and made him feel better about himself." While Bush was working on these issues, in the summer of 1986, something else happened that would also have a profound impact on him, allowing him to leave Midland with his head up. A corporate savior appeared.

After the oil-price crash, Bush had been looking for a bigger fish to swallow his little one. His "bail-out strategy," as he calls it now, was to have Spectrum bought out by a publicly traded company so his investors would have a shot at getting their money back. Texas-based Harken Oil & Gas (now known as Harken Energy Corp.) had been buying up troubled independents on the cheap, and Spectrum fit the profile. In one six-month period before the acquisition, Spectrum lost \$402,000. It was \$3 million in debt, with no hope of attracting a dollar for new drilling. On Sept.

## THE AUSTIN POWERS

In separate interviews with TIME Laura and George W. Bush offered straight talk about booze, ambition and their life under the magnifying glass:



LAURA BUSH

**ON HIS DRINKING:** "George was very disciplined in a lot of ways—except for drinking. And when he was able to stop, I think that gave him a lot of confidence and made him feel better about himself and easier about himself."

**ON HIS AMBITION:** "I knew he was going to run... if ever the timing was right. What we didn't know in 1977 was that his dad would be Vice President and President. That kept us from running a lot of years, kept us just on the sidelines, watching."



GEOVANNI HILLEN WITH TIME

**ON THE WAVE OF SUPPORT:** "There are tides of history that are larger than the participants. I'm a cork in a raging river."

**ON RUMORS OF A WILD PAST:** "The speculation is out of control. The whole 'wild' thing is overblown, but maybe that's my fault. I should have had a more clinical discussion about [my] drinking. But this is a world where the whole game is to destroy somebody, and I'm not participating. If people don't like the way I'm handling it, they can find somebody else."





## MR. BASEBALL

**1992** The Rangers co-owner with pitcher Nolan Ryan; Mom, here in 1989, had wanted him to do something big; this was it

30, 1986, less than three months after Bush's 40th birthday. Harken swooped in with an angelic deal. In exchange for Bush's 14.9% stake in Spectrum, he would receive Harken stock worth some \$320,000—his first real personal wealth. Bush was also made a Harken director and retained as a consultant at \$80,000 a year—\$5,000 more than he had made at Spectrum. He got generous stock options, and Harken hired some of his employees. As for the dozen who weren't hired, Bush worked his network hard and, impressively, found oil jobs for all of them.

What did the Harken bosses see in Spectrum? Some productive oil wells, to be sure, but mostly they saw the son of the sitting Vice President. "His name was George Bush. That was worth the money they paid him," says Harken founder Phil Kendrick, who sold the company in 1983 but stayed on as a consultant. Whatever the motivation, it was liberating for Bush. He had money and no day job, a combination that let him accept an offer that had been lurking in the back of his mind for more than a year—a job that would provide action, fun and something more important. It would get him back into politics and put him close to the old man.

## 1988 DAD'S CAMPAIGN

THE OFFER HAD COME FROM LEE ATWATER, the brilliant, erratic young political hotshot Vice President Bush had picked to be campaign manager for his coming presidential bid. On April 27, 1985, Big George had called his family to Camp David to meet the staff that would run his campaign. George W. and his brother Jeb—a Florida real estate

investor who was generally regarded as the political comer among the Bush kids—had doubts about Atwater's loyalty because his consulting firm was doing work for Bush rival Jack Kemp. George W. asked him, "How can we trust you?" Atwater came back with a challenge: "Why don't you come up here and watch? And if I am disloyal, you can do something about it."

The proposal lurked in Bush's mind throughout the hard times of 1985-86. He says he didn't think seriously about it until after the Harken deal, but some employees say it came up earlier. "He was ready to go," says Dickey. In summer 1987 the Bushes sold their house in Midland, loaded up the family wagon and drove to D.C. Bush says he had no idea what he'd do after the election.

When he got to town, Junior, as he was known there, joined an election effort ruled by committee and split between warring factions: Atwater's campaign team vs. the Office of the Vice President—"the clerks," as Atwater and Bush took to calling them. The Lee-Junior relationship began as a mutually exploitative one. Junior saw Atwater as a talented hired gun; Atwater saw Junior as a job-insurance policy and a hot line to the candidate, someone who could help sway the Vice President to do what had to be done to win. "Pretty soon Lee and Junior were basically colluding to manipulate Bush," says a colleague. "You'd hear George say, 'I can't ask him to do that,' and then Lee say, 'Godammit, you have to!'"

George W. weighed in on strategy but showed less interest in policy; no one took him for a candidate in waiting. (For a man who likes to appear transparent, he sure

was hard to read.) He and Atwater became jogging buddies and friends. "They were more alike than either had imagined—energetic, flippant, irreverent," says someone who was close to Atwater. Both were reformed drinkers, with Bush firmly in recovery and Atwater limiting himself to the occasional beer, with cigarettes on Fridays. (Atwater, stricken with brain cancer in 1990, began a spiritual quest in his final days. Bush read the Bible at his bedside.)

The young Bush threw his weight around as necessary, serving as "loyalty thermometer" and blunt instrument, coming down hard on leakers, loose cannons and snarky reporters, mediating staff disputes from a generic office, where he chewed an unlighted cigar and spat bits of tobacco leaf in the general direction of a foam coffee cup. He recruited key staff members like press secretary Pete Teeley, traveled the country as a surrogate speaker and sauntered around the campaign office in his Texas boots, cracking jokes in his tequila-sharp twang and earning a reputation for temper. "We had more than a few yelling matches," says Teeley, "and sometimes you'd just have to leave him alone and come back at him later."

His swagger masked insecurities. In private, a friend says, "he'd say things like 'People are only coming to see me because of who my dad is.'" As he developed a reputation as an enforcer, Bush turned it into a joke. "Am I Maureen Reagan?" he'd ask, referring to the President's daughter, the second-most feared member of the Reagan family. "People think I'm Maureen, don't they?"

Those insecurities fell away as his rela-

## CAMPAIGN 2000

tionship with his father deepened. This was the first time the two had worked together closely as adults, and Big George came to appreciate his son's political instincts. "It was a wonderful experience for both of us," the former President told TIME. "He was very helpful to me, and I think it toughened him for the real world." From Midland, Bush's friend O'Neill saw the change. "George went up there as Sonny Corleone and came back as Michael," he says, using an analogy from *The Godfather*—meaning Bush went from hothead to heir apparent.

When George Bush won the election, his eldest son returned to Texas, a move that shocked Washington careerists, who

### 1990 ONE BIG THING

BUSH HAD LEARNED FROM BILL DEWITT, his old Spectrum 7 partner and a major donor to his father, that the Texas Rangers were going up for sale. The team was owned by yet another Bush family friend, Eddie Chiles, who decided out of admiration for Bush's father to give George W. a chance to buy the team. George W. had been a baseball zealot since his Little League days in Midland. He had played at Andover and briefly at Yale. (He was cut from the team. Dad, of course, was team captain there in 1948.) "George had always dreamed about owning a baseball team," says Laura. "He always wanted to own the

Rainwater's investment syndicate, became the team's managing general partners.

Bush acknowledges that his name and connections played a major role in his success. "Look, I don't deny it. How could I?" he says. "Being George Bush's son has its pluses and negatives. Eddie [Chiles] felt comfortable with me because he felt comfortable with my family. But I was also the person that aggressively sought the deal. I was a pit bull on the pant leg of opportunity. I wouldn't let go."

Bush critics charged that he was just a front for the money men who actually ran the team, an empty suit with p.r. skills. But according to his former partners and people close to the team, Bush was an engaged manager who played a substantial role in transforming the Rangers from a shabby franchise to a success story. Along with Rose and Rangers president Tom Scheffer, Bush led the drive to build a fine new stadium, paid for by local bonds. (The Ballpark in Arlington opened in April 1994, seven months before he was elected Governor.) "George did a valuable thing for the franchise," says Scheffer. "He gave it glitter and celebrity. The first thing you've got to understand about him is that George is the most likable person you will ever run into."

The Rangers deal put a lid on Bush's dreams of running for Governor in 1990, but to see him during the Rangers years was to witness the emergence of a major Texas politician, one who at last

had an identity distinct from his father's. He exploited his Rangers power base, giving speeches across Texas in support of the team and sitting in the stands next to the dugout for all 80-plus home games—visible to local TV cameras, munching peanuts, signing autographs. "It was amazing," says Betts. "Sometimes he would be there an hour after the game, still signing."

Bush's well-crafted, down-home style was always on display. He hated to ride in a limo, even someone else's, and the Bushes lived in a modest brick house. Their main luxury was private school for the girls. He dressed as indifferently as ever, in ratty suits and elkskin boots emblazoned with the flag of Texas. At the Rangers office, he insisted on wearing a pair of shoes with a large hole in them, prompting his colleague Rose to buy him a \$120 pair of Gucci loafers for his birthday. "George took them back to Neiman Marcus and exchanged them for cash," says Scheffer.

Bush describes these years as idyllic. "I am sure all families have got interesting an-

### WHAT HE DOES BEST

**1994** Bush loves to press the flesh; his social skills and memory for names are almost Clintonian. They helped get him elected Governor, and they could help him on the campaign trail in Iowa, New Hampshire and elsewhere



saw campaign work as a way to grab a piece of the power. But Junior had something else in mind. When he moved to Dallas in late 1988, he was thinking hard about running for Governor of Texas. It isn't clear when he got the idea—he mentioned it to a friend as early as Thanksgiving 1988—or what he thought he had to offer besides his stewardship of unsuccessful oil companies. Still, he told a reporter in early 1989, "If I run, I'll be most electable. Absolutely, no question in my mind. In a big media state like Texas, name identification is important. I've got it."

He had little else. As he would tell TIME a few months later, "My biggest liability in Texas is the question 'What's the boy ever done?' He could be riding on Daddy's name." Bush knew he needed an accomplishment, One Big Thing to lay at the feet of Texas voters. And when he got a chance to reel one in, the opportunity came—like so many in his life—straight out of the Bush family Rolodex.

Astros. To live in the wall of the Astrodome like Brewster McClood."

For President Bush, the tongue-tied patrician, baseball had been a way to connect with his kids. One time during George W.'s college years, when he had incurred his father's wrath by leaving a summer job early, "George felt really bad," Laura says. "So then in a little bit his dad called and said, 'I've got tickets to the game tonight. Do you want to go?' And George knew his dad was making everything O.K."

Bush hustled to bag the Rangers. He assembled a group of investors, including Dewitt, Reynolds and Yale chum Roland Betts. Peter Ueberroth, then commissioner of baseball, persuaded financier Richard Rainwater to join forces with Bush. Together they bought the team for \$83 million in April 1989. To fund his minuscule \$500,000 share (eventually his investment grew to \$606,000), George W. borrowed from a Midland bank where he was a director, using his Harken stock as collateral. He and Edward ("Rusty") Rose, front man for

## CAMPAIGN 2000

chors, little memory scraps and moments of history that remind them of the importance of family," he says. "For me it was taking the kids to the ballpark." He took his wife too. "Laura and I spent hours of quality time together watching the game," he says. "Here we were in August. The team was out of the race. We just visited."

By 1992 he was everywhere—in his box seat signing autographs; out in the towns of North Texas delivering what he called the "Baseball, Apple Pie and First Family" speech. Once he'd been a dutiful, uninspired speaker, but all those years of surrogate stumping had paid off. As his father's re-election campaign rolled around, his message be-

his father throughout Texas in 1980, 1984, 1988 and 1992. "His dad had a lot of races," says Laura. "...A lot of the people from his dad's races were still there."

All the while, hammers were ringing and saws whining at the new stadium in Arlington. The Ballpark fulfilled Bush's desire to do One Big Thing for Texas. Bush also knew it was increasing the value of his Rangers holdings, though he didn't realize how drastically. When his group sold the Rangers in 1998, Bush's initial \$500,000 investment paid him almost \$15 million. He had finally followed his dad's rule: Provide for your family before stepping into politics.

The Dallas years were marred, however,

by giving business to a company tied to his son. Harken insiders say Bush actually opposed the deal (he was right; the wells turned out to be dry) and had no role in negotiating it. But the press had a field day drawing lines from the Middle East to the White House.

Bush was stung, but not fatally. An SEC investigation concluded that he had done nothing to merit punishment. One month after he was cleared, Bush resigned from Harken's board—and declared for Governor.

"I knew he was going to run again at some point," says Laura, "if ever the timing was right. We didn't know that his dad would be Vice President and President."

That kept us from running for a lot of years." In 1992, when President Bush lost to Bill Clinton, "George and Jeb were freed, for the first time in their lives, to say what they thought about issues," she says.

And he was off. As Bush traveled the state, running as a baseball man and stadium builder as well as Famous Son, moving toward an upset of popular incumbent Ann Richards, he applied the lessons he'd learned from his father, his mother, Kent Hance, Lee Atwater: Trust your instincts, stay on message, be down-home, enforce discipline. His campaign deftly exploited Texans' fear of crime, though crime had been dropping in the state for years (somewhere, Atwater was smiling). Richards baited Bush mercilessly, calling him an elitist and a

"Shrub," and everyone expected Bush to lose his famous temper. He never did. He stayed sunny and folksy and on message all the way to the statehouse.

The campaign trail brought back memories—long days and nights in the car with his father on the endless highways of 1964 and 1970, and aboard the campaign planes of the '80s. They reminded Bush of the distance he'd traveled. "His feelings were sort of hurt because Barbara and Jenna, who were 13, did not really want to travel with him," says Laura. One trip brought the family to the steps of the county courthouse in the North Texas town of Quahang, and Bush remembered being there with his dad 30 years before. The girls weren't impressed. But an old man came up and told him, "I remember you when you were here last time." "It was very touching for him," Laura says. "It made him want to weep." He had always figured he had more in common with blunt, sharp-eyed Barbara Bush. "I've got a lot of my mother in me," he says. But at that moment, he surely was his father's son. ■

### HIS OWN MAN

1994 On election night, Bush and his family celebrate a victory few thought he could achieve. Exceeding expectations was becoming a habit; he likes people to underestimate what he can do



came more overtly political, though never on his own behalf. Instead, the pitch was either for his father or for Republican Congressmen, who had begun to view him as a real asset. He peppered his speeches with references to his parents. "I know you wished the most famous Bush could be here tonight," he would say, "but Mom was busy." Or: "I know I'm here to talk about baseball but I need to help the old man stay employed."

The two themes—baseball and politics—merged nicely. Bush gave a talk in 1992 to the Republican Forum, a political club in North Dallas. "It was an amazing speech," says Jim Oberweiser, a friend who is now governmental-affairs director for Hunt Oil. "The only way I can describe it is as baseball patriotism. There was nothing political in the speech. Politics came with the person, so he did not have to talk about it."

Baseball was how he talked to his dad, raised his kids, made his money and ran for office. His political base was built on twin platforms: his Rangers celebrity and the prodigious campaigning he had done for

by a p.r. nightmare that arose from his sale of his Harken stock. In June 1990, Bush sold all 212,140 of his shares for \$848,560, more than 2½ times their original value. His mistake was to sell the stock less than two months before Harken reported a stunning \$23 million second-quarter loss. (Bush says he did not know Harken was going to report the loss and thought he was selling into good news—the forthcoming announcement of a new drilling contract.) But it was widely assumed that Bush, a director of the company, had insider knowledge and dumped his stock in advance of the bad news. He compounded the problem by failing to file an SEC disclosure form.

The stock sale put him on the front pages and proved an embarrassment to his father's 1992 campaign. It also called attention to the little-known fact that in early 1990 Harken was awarded an exclusive contract from the government of Bahrain to drill for oil off that country's coast. With no offshore-drilling experience, Harken was an implausible choice. It was easy to assume that Bahrain was trying to curry favor with the President



CRACKING DOWN:  
Teenagers being  
carded at a movie

violence—though the Congressman seems to believe he knows what the findings would be. “There is a spiritual vacuum in these young people,” he said last week, “that is filled with the culture of death and violence.”

Senators got into the production too. Presidential candidate John McCain of Arizona and his colleague Joseph Lieberman of Connecticut have proposed a bill to force the show-biz industry to label violent products with government-approved warnings. The labels would fall under the law that requires warnings on cigarettes. (Speaking to the *Los Angeles Times*, a crabby film producer suggested this text: “Enjoy the Film, but Remember: Uncontrolled Firearm Use May Be Dangerous to Your Health.”)

The Senate has passed a bill that would stop directors from using federal property in violent pics. (Scratch the next Department of Transportation thriller.) And Washington is threatening to recast suave movie honchos as dastardly tobacco execs. The President has ordered an investigation into whether the industry markets violence to youngsters. Similar investigations showed that tobacco firms targeted kids; the scandal damaged that industry's image.

Some of the harshest proposals come from the states. Concerned about what kids

# Taking Aim at Show Biz

Most of the post-Littleton lawmaking has focused on guns. Now it's Hollywood's turn to squirm

By JOHN CLOUD

**B**EFORE ALL 11 VICTIMS IN THE 1997 film *Scream 2* have been gored, shot or hacked to death, there's an odd bit of dialogue. A roomful of young Hollywood hotties—playing a roomful of Midwestern college hotties—debate whether film violence causes real violence. “It’s directly responsible,” says the student played by Josh Jackson (Pacey on *Dawson’s Creek*). “That’s so Moral Majority,” sneers Cici, the coed played by Sarah Michelle Gellar (a.k.a. *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*).

This rare instance of Hollywood introspection would be more interesting if it weren’t so cynical. A few minutes later, the action has returned to a heart-thumping pace. Cici is stabbed in the back and thrown from the balcony of her sorority house. The rock sound track swells as the camera dwells for a moment on her corpse.

Last week the action in Hollywood stopped again, but this time it may not resume so breezily. It has been nearly two months since the shootings at Columbine High, and much of the political maneuvering in the weeks following focused on guns. But now Washington has unleashed a set of proposals designed to prevent kids from watching their favorite stars threatened with grisly deaths. Many politicians are hoping that by reining in violent imagery, they can prevent

future Columbines—or at least convince constituents that they are trying to. Americans seem receptive: 64% of the respondents in a TIME/CNN poll said they favor legislation to restrict teenagers’ access to violent and sexually explicit entertainment.

President Clinton used Washington’s most recognizable set, the White House, to announce that most cinema owners had agreed to require young people to show photo IDs when they ask for tickets to R-rated movies (an R rating means those under 17 must be accompanied by a parent or adult guardian). The agreement with the National Association of Theatre Owners is voluntary—as is the ratings system itself—but others want stricter regulations.

Representative Henry Hyde, Republican of Illinois, has the most ambitious plan. It would ban sales of obscenely violent and explicitly sexual material to minors. Hyde also wants Congress to urge stores to make song lyrics available to parents before purchase. And he wants a study on the effects of music and video games on youth

## FIRST PERSON

### Why Carding Kids Is a Bad Idea

By KATE CARCATERRA

**F**OR THOSE OF YOU who have forgotten what it was like to be a teenager, it’s about five years of entrapment. You are trapped between the kid you once were and the person you are destined to become. This constant state of uncertainty is stressful not only for teens but for adults as well. Parents try hard to keep their kids away from things that might corrupt their future, whether

drugs, alcohol or violent movies. But placing strict restrictions on teens will accomplish only two things: *really, really* annoy them and make the temptation for rebellion greater.

The newest protective gesture is requiring movie theaters to ask kids to show photo identification before seeing R-rated films. This carding, in my opinion, is just a silly waste of time. First, the majority of movies are rated R, and they tend to be the most exciting and desirable to see. In general, when a group of kids, let’s say age 13 or 14, go out to see a

The writer, 17, is the daughter of PEOPLE executive editor Susan Toepfer and author Lorenzo Carcaterra



## Restricted: A film is rated R if it has sexually oriented nudity, strong violence or drug use, or more than one F word

■ 65% of the 657 films rated in 1998 carried an R rating.



Source: MPAA Worldwide Market Research



**Shakespeare in Love**

■ Wherefore art thou an R? The MPAA cites only "sexuality"



**Analyze This**

■ An R for "language, a scene of sexuality and some violence"



**The Matrix**

■ It has "sci-fi violence" and "brief language," or profanity

are listening to, state senator Dale Shugars of Michigan attended a Marilyn Manson concert (with two bodyguards). Shugars was so horrified that he wrote a bill to require warning labels on concert tickets. The bill passed the state senate last month; the American Civil Liberties Union and the Recording Industry Association of America have promised stiff opposition before the House vote, expected in the fall.

But if the National Rifle Association played a steely John Wayne in reaction to gun-control proposals, prominent figures in Hollywood have acted more like Woody Allen characters. At a hand-wringing June 4

panel discussion titled "Guns Don't Kill People... Writers Do," several screenwriters virtually re-enacted the navel-gazing scene from *Scream 2*. "People who say we have no responsibility are extremists," said screenwriter William Mastrosimone (*Extremities; With Honors*). "We have to look at the effect of what we do on the rest of the world."

Most studio executives are reluctant to criticize publicly the new pop-culture crackdown. "These things are cyclical," says Peter Bart, a former studio exec who now edits *Variety*. "Washington comes forth with the rhetoric and gets as much media attention as possible, and then Hollywood lies

low." It leaves the p.r. to a Washington pro, Jack Valenti, head of the Motion Picture Association of America. A fierce defender of Hollywood, Valenti did tactical maneuvering last week; he publicly urged his industry to consider excising film from films. And he praised the announcement by theater owners. But he opposes forcing the industry to adhere to government-imposed ratings.

Especially coming from a Republican, the Hyde proposals smack uncharacteristically of Big Government, critics say. "This turns the government into Mr. Mom," says Representative Mark Foley, a moderate Republican from Florida. In an interview with *TIME*, Hyde argued, "What parents are going to cope with Disney or Time Warner? I'm for smaller government. But it takes someone big and strong like the government to stand up to these purveyors." Yet Hyde is vague on what would constitute unacceptable content. (He told the *Wall Street Journal* that "any movie that has more than 50 killings is pushing the envelope.") And there may be a larger conservative agenda at work in his bill, which would bar kids from seeing not just the most vile images but also any depiction of homosexuality.

The movie-rating system was instituted in the '60s to ward off such meddling. But some insiders admit the system needs attention. The NC-17 rating, created in 1990 to replace the stigmatized X, has become all but useless. Because most newspapers won't advertise NC-17 films, studios do almost anything to ensure that their movies get an R rating. But even if Washington could devise a perfect system, a larger task would remain: identifying kids so close to the edge that a mere film could push them over. —Reported by Jay Branagan and John F. Dickerson/Washington, Nichole Christian/Detroit and David S. Jackson/Los Angeles

movie, and their choices are a Disney cartoon, an adult romance or a violent thriller, they're going to be drawn to the thriller. If they can't get into that, they'll probably just hit the streets rather than waste their hard-earned bucks. And it is much better to have your kids sitting safely in a theater watching an R-rated movie than on the streets, where they can be exposed to a world just as violent as Hollywood's. Parents should be relieved that their children want to see *Scream* at a theater they know, instead of having absolutely no idea where their kids are and whom they are with.

Some argue that if a parent is O.K. with his teen's seeing an R-rated

flick, he can just buy the kid's ticket himself and be on his way. Um, no. Not only is this an incredibly embarrassing situation for young teens, possibly on their first date, but it might not even be allowed. When *Scream* came out, I was eager to see it; and my dad drove me, a couple of friends and my younger brother to the theater and went in to buy us tickets. They informed him that he would have to go into the movie with us; his permission was not sufficient to let us in. Since my dad couldn't stay to see the movie, we all went back home, where he instead had to spend a long night with a bunch of giggling teenage girls.

We all know how effective laws against underage

drinking, smoking and drugs are: they're not. Who's to say that movie-theater carding won't be just as ineffective? If the shooting at Columbine High has taught us anything, it's that parents need to tune in to the very trying lives of their teens. Kids are capable of holding some serious emotions, which if not expressed and understood can lead to destructive actions. Violent movies are, in some ways, a venting mechanism. And rather than blame the movies and place further suffocating laws on kids, why not let them decide what they can and cannot see? By giving them the freedom to choose, you are showing them a little piece of respect and responsibility. ■

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W O R L D

# WHO REALLY WON?

**Upstaged by Russia, NATO now faces the thankless task of occupying Kosovo**

By ROMESH RATNESAR

**W**HEN THE END OF THE MOST lopsided 78-day war in history finally came, the champagne was for the losers. In Belgrade last Wednesday night, thousands of young Serbs unburdened themselves in the city's Republic Square, dangling out the windows of their cars, blaring the horns and chanting "Serbia! Serbia!" They lit red magnesium flares and launched fireworks into the night sky. "I feel great," said Olivera Todorovic, 22. "It's a wonderful feeling to live again in peace."

Elsewhere the celebrations were fleeting. Bill Clinton openly declared "victory"



**FAREWELL TO ARMS** From a bus, a retreating Serbian officer bids Kosovo goodbye

in a nationally televised address Thursday night, followed by a triumphal tour Friday of Whiteman Air Force Base, home to the lethal B-2 bombers that emerged as the technological heroes of the war. But that evening, faces at the White House turned

ashen. Commanders of Russian troops in Bosnia, evidently worried about the fate of Kosovar Serbs, had rumbled into Pristina, Kosovo's capital, despite an earlier understanding that they would not enter until agreement had been reached with NATO on command of the peacekeepers. On Saturday, Russian Foreign Minister Igor Ivanov apologized and said the troops would withdraw, but as the day wore on, they stayed put, effectively in charge of the airport.

The 200 Russian troops were no threat to the allied forces, but their bizarre deployment set off worries about whether Russian President Boris Yeltsin was in control of his own military, or whether he had sanctioned the early troop movement as a concession to hard-line generals dismayed by Russia's lack of influence in Kosovo. Publicly, however, U.S. officials tried to put the best spin on the situation. "We would like them to participate [in the peacekeeping mission]," said Defense Secretary William Cohen. "Whether they arrive a few hours earlier or later really is not a significant factor."

From the start of the conflict, the U.S. and its allies knew that after the bombing



**ENFORCING THE PEACE**

Last week's deal sets the stage for a lengthy NATO occupation of Kosovo:

**BY DAY 11** All Serbian troops and police will be out of Kosovo. Yugoslav government will turn over land-mine maps, and the first peacekeeping troops will be in place

**BY DAY 30** The Kosovo Force will divide the province, clear mines and repair roads and bridges. Relief supplies will be rushed in to feed Kosovar refugees

stopped, they would assume the responsibility for keeping peace in Kosovo; that it would require thousands of troops on the ground to prevent flare-ups between stray armed Serbian civilians and the Kosovo Liberation Army (K.L.A.); and that the mission would be long and costly. But all that was supposed to get going after a few days of air strikes—not after three months, during which the Serbs reduced Kosovo to a wasteland and turned more than 800,000 Kosovars into refugees. The Administration's

price tag for patrolling and rehabilitating Kosovo will run into billions of dollars. But given that there are 400,000 displaced persons within Kosovo, things may be even worse. "We are all waiting with some trepidation," said U.S. Secretary of State Madeleine Albright, "about what happens when we actually get into Kosovo."

The wait won't be long. Serbian troops jammed the roads leading out of Kosovo late last week, waving their arms and firing guns out of armored vehicles. While the

Russians were first into Pristina, the Serbian departure was quickly followed by the arrival of the British and the French, who came early Saturday to begin the work of establishing a NATO foothold. In the Kosovar village of Urosevac, ethnic Albanians showered NATO forces with flowers. One man said it was the first time in 10 weeks that he had emerged from his basement hiding place. The U.S. has pledged a contingent of 7,000 soldiers to the Kosovo Force (KFOR); the soldiers and marines will man the southeastern corner of the province. European officials believe that Kosovo may have the world's highest concentration of buried mines. The first wave of KFOR troops will have to defuse them before the refugees can drive their tractors and cars back in.

Though the Serbs have promised to be out of Kosovo in 11 days, allied officials say it could take much longer. Some are worried that bands of departing Serbs will desert their military units and haul off after the returning Albanians. "It is not safe yet [for them] to go back in," said Joint Chiefs Chairman Hugh Shelton.

It is still unclear how the refugees will react to the cease-fire. Many will have to be persuaded to go home. Says Sanha Rusihti, an ethnic Albanian living in a camp in Macedonia: "I'm scared of going in, even if NATO soldiers escort me by the hand." But others are eager to re-

THOMAS HALEY—SIPA FOR TIME



**BY DAY 90** The U.N. will set up a provisional administration. Western aid agencies will ship in food, lumber to rebuild homes and seeds for fall crops

**BY DAY 180** The U.N. will incorporate Kosovars into its provisional administration, while ethnic Albanians hold local elections and form committees to run their villages

**THE GOAL** It may take years, but eventually KFOR will secure and rebuild Kosovo—which maintains its autonomy within Yugoslavia. Then U.S. troops can depart

## REBUILDING KOSOVO

According to the peace agreement, Kosovo will be divided into five sectors. The number of KFOR peacekeepers supplied to each sector by each country is shown, along with exit points for the Serb troops.

○ Denotes sector headquarters

Serb planes and air-defense systems must be outside this zone

Serb troops must be outside this 3-mile (5 km) zone

Troops being sent to Kosovo by other countries:

Russia	Up to 10,000
Netherlands	2,050
Ukraine	1,300
Spain	1,200
Belgium	1,100
Greece	1,000
Turkey	1,000
Norway	850
Denmark	850
Canada	800
Finland	800
Poland	800
Argentina	500
Hungary	350
Portugal	290
Romania	250
Austria	250



SOURCES: NATO, U.S. DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE  
TIME MAP BY ED GABEL

## EYES IN THE SKY

In order to ensure Serb compliance, NATO will be keeping a watchful eye, using several methods

## LACROSSE SATELLITE



■ From space, imaging-radar spy satellites can locate objects on the ground even in bad weather

## JOINT STARS



■ All-weather, radar-equipped 707 can spot troop and tank movements from more than 100 miles (161 km) away

## A-10 THUNDERBOLT



■ Operating under a 1,000-ft. (300-m) ceiling, pilots can police Kosovar air and ground space, eyeballing Serb troop evacuation

## HUNTER DRONE



■ Unmanned aircraft cruise above the ground and beam back video images

turn. Says Shkurte Gashi, 42, a refugee from western Kosovo: "I want to go back as soon as possible because I have nine members of my family there, and I want to find out what happened to them."

Relief officials say Kosovars in the refugee camps will probably dispatch "pioneer groups" to survey the damage wrought by the war. It is not an encouraging picture. At least half the houses in Kosovo have been razed. There are no viable livestock or crops. Simply feeding the internally displaced Kosovars will require shipments of 1,000 tons of food daily. Because Serbian authorities destroyed most of the ethnic Albanians' personal records, KFOR and the U.N.'s civilian administrators will face the nightmarish task of sorting out those who have legal claims to land and property. The U.S. hopes to organize and oversee committees of local Kosovars to help U.N. officials coordinate the rebuilding of infrastructure, schools and clinics. But international-aid workers and peacekeepers will have to compete with the K.L.A., which will want to reassert control over villages as the Serbs pull out.

## A HERO'S WELCOME

Kosovo Serbs, fearful of revenge from the people they persecuted, were happy to see Russian troops



It is a contest the peacekeepers have little chance of winning. Many traumatized refugees, still wary of Serbian aggression, are sure to look to the K.L.A. for



protection. The peace pact calls for the "demilitarization" of the K.L.A.—but not for its disarming. So the rebels will keep their small arms, the tools of choice for guerrilla fighters. Meanwhile, the U.N. will shoulder the heavy burden of setting up a Kosovo police force. Its first challenge will be to stamp out the K.L.A.'s revolutionary zeal. Albright labored to assure the 200,000 Serbs in Kosovo that the K.L.A. had pledged not to do them harm, but it was apparent that most Serbs did not believe her. As Serbian military buses and tanks trundled out, their convoys were punctuated by cars packed with nervous civilians.

The dwindling of the Serbian presence in Kosovo will add to the ethnic-Albanian

some American military planners believe that limited, troubleshooting missions like the one waged over Kosovo are a model for future engagements. The U.S. may not be able to wipe trouble off the map, the thinking goes, but it can contain it, as it has done in Iraq and now Serbia. Yet the tendency of the U.S. to fight low-intensity wars that stop short of winning unconditional surrender—and that leave tyrants like Saddam Hussein and Milosevic in power—has inspired public doubts. The peace deal had barely been inked last week when 155 members of Congress voted for a measure that would cut off funding for the Kosovo mission after Sept. 30. The bill was shelved only after Clinton sent a letter to the Hill

Massimo Calabresi/Skopje

## Is This the End For Milosevic?

**T**O HEAR SLOBODAN MILOSEVIC tell it, his surrender to NATO was the happy ending to a fairy tale. Appearing before his bombed-out, beleaguered nation on TV last Thursday, he said, "The aggression ended. Peace prevailed. Dear citizens, happy peace to us all!" It's hard to know how any rational Serb could stand it. After starting and losing four wars in eight years, Milosevic was calling on his people to rejoice. Some bought it, singing along to the government tune. But once the Serbs wake up from their agitprop reverie, they will discover a country in ruins. Some were already awakening: "It's clear now that Milosevic is selling one by one pieces of [Serbian] territory," said Ruza Radovanovic, 57, who weathered the bombing in her Belgrade home.



Milosevic

So does this spell the end for "the Butcher of the Balkans"? It's unlikely, at least in the short term. Nobody holds on to power as mercilessly as Milosevic. In the dictator's best-case scenario, he can hope for continuing control, thanks to a paucity of opponents and the postwar inertia of a beaten population. But if there are uprisings against him at home, he is more than ready to crush them. And while his indictment by the Hague war-crimes tribunal means he can't hope for a cushy retirement in any U.N.-compliant country, there are some nice mountain resorts in Serbia where he could take up hiking.

Disgruntled Serbs may have other ideas. By bringing the Balkan wars to Belgrade, Milosevic and his wife Mira Markovic may have pushed their people too far. In their hearts, many Serbs secretly hope Milosevic will go the way of his brutal Romanian neighbor, Nicolae Ceausescu, who was overthrown and executed in 1989. For many in the Balkans, that ending is the only happy one for this miserable fairy tale gone bad.

—Reported by

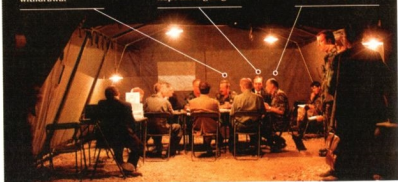
Gillian Sandford/Pristina

## INSIDE THE TENT: THE DEALMAKERS

**KOVACEVIC:** The Serbian general tried to negotiate a looser deadline for withdrawal

**VUJOVIC:** When talks broke down, the Yugoslav minister privately kept them going

**JACKSON:** The British general insisted a Serbian pullout begin before the bombing halt



clamor for independence. The Rambouillet agreement that Milosevic rejected in March specifically provided for a referendum on Kosovar independence. The deal signed last week does not.

The U.S. military's stay in Kosovo won't be short. In Bosnia, American troops have had some success enforcing the peace. They have separated warring Muslims and Serbs and stemmed any outbreaks of violence. But they have failed to return scores of refugees to their former homes. And while the number of U.S. troops there has dropped from 20,000 to 6,000 since 1995, the predicted length of their deployment has ballooned from 12 months to indefinite. Pentagon officials are girding themselves for more of the same in Kosovo. "We're here for the long haul," says an Army planner. "Like decades."

But that may be O.K., at least in some rooms of the Pentagon, where Iraq and now Kosovo are seen as victories. In fact,

promising to seek congressional approval for a peacekeeping force.

The White House pressed ahead with the effort to chalk this up in the win column for the U.S. "Do you think," grumbled White House spokesman Joe Lockhart, "that on the day the Gulf War ended, [CNN] had a segment titled 'At What Price Peace?'" Maybe not. But victory seems too simple a word for this complex and tragic region. As they envisioned returning to their ruined homes and to the arduous process of rebuilding their lives, few Kosovars felt that they had tasted real victory over the Serbs. At least not yet. Bekim Sabedini, a 27-year-old farmer from eastern Kosovo, explained his intentions toward his Serbian neighbors: "At best, I will not speak to them. At better, I will do what they did to me."

—Reported by Douglas Waller with Albright, Jay Branegan and Mark Thompson/Washington, Anthea Carassava/Blace, Gillian Sandford/Pristina and William Dowell/U.N.



# Internet IPOs: What

Cyberstocks soared when the supply was thin. This year some \$20 billion in Net shares will reach the market. Guess where prices are going

By DANIEL KADLEC

INTERNET STOCKS HAVE DEFIED CONVENTION and gravity for the better part of two years. Never mind that these outfits, profit is mostly a concept. They had cool products, hip clients, catchy names, irreverent ads, promise—lots of promise—and more. They had panache. They were cocktail chatter, and their stocks (and stockholders) were giddy. The money-losing online bookseller Amazon.com long ago blew past venerable Sears in terms of market value. At the time, investors gasped and marveled. They kept buying, but at least they noticed. By April, though, Amazon's worth was fast approaching that of Sears and Wal-Mart combined, and nobody was paying attention.

They are now. Amazon's April apex, it turns out, was the top of the market for Internet stocks. On average, they have declined 32%, and many, including Amazon, have halved. So, is it time to declare the Internet bubble burst and set the Net stocks next to other flameouts, such as biotechnology (1980s), computer leasing (1970s) and, yes, tulips (1600s)?

Not so fast. The Net wonders aren't dead. They're just going to behave differently as this industry, like so many before it, enters the next phase of development. That phase will include the creation of tons of stock as new IPOs flood the market in search of easy money (yours). And it will include the inevitable shakeout as investors sort out the jewels from the

junk. The only question is, How fast will all this happen?

Internet analysts, as confused as the rest of us, are riding the fence. They recognize that the recent Internet-stock drop could be just another fake-out—"an intrusion of rational thinking," says one—like the dips in January and last autumn. In both cases, patience and faith were rewarded when those stocks roared back from sharp declines. But the pros aren't exactly backing up the truck to get their fill. It's more of a tiptoe with caveats.

Kevin Landis, who manages the Firsthand Technology Fund, ventures that this may prove to be a good time to start buying Net stocks if you've been out of the game—and are a long-term investor. So, you're jumping in with both feet, right, Kevin? After he stops laughing, Landis says, "We've just got away from the scary point at which people say, 'I don't know how to value it, but I have to own it anyway.' [But] we're nowhere near levels where you can start making a value argument."

The new-economy Net stocks are now up against some old-economy fundamentals they haven't faced before. Rising interest rates are a big deal. The 30-year Treasury-bond yield popped over 6% last week, its highest level in more than a year, and could well stay there. Speculative stocks (and Internet defines the category) tend to get hard hit when higher rates threaten to slow the

economy and the market. There are also basic questions about Internet bellwethers, including AOL (Will AT&T shut it out of cable access?) and Amazon (Can it reverse slowing revenue growth?).

Most troubling, though, is a glut of new Internet shares saturating the market, creating a supply overhang that could last through the summer. This is an entirely new situation for Net investors. In

## A STAKE IN IVILLAGE

■ **NAME:** Candice Carpenter, CEO of iVillage  
 ■ **BOTTOM LINE:** With a 3% stake in the company, she has been hit where it hurts  
**Net worth, April: \$90 million**  
**Net worth, June: \$26 million**



# It Goes Up...

**MARKETWATCH**  
April 14: 107  
Last week: 58.5  
**-45%**

**DOUBLECLICK**  
April 26: 176  
Last week: 89  
**-50%**

**THESTREET.COM**  
May 11: 71.25  
Last week: 30  
**-58%**

**ONEMAIN.COM**  
March 25: 46.75  
Last week: 15  
**-62%**

**EARTHWEB**  
April 13: 89  
Last week: 28.5  
**-68%**

**AUTOBYTEL.COM**  
March 26: 58  
Last week: 20  
**-66%**

the past few years they have had little choice but to bid against rabid techies for the same handful of precious stocks, driving prices through the roof. Wall Street reacted as expected: by underwriting stock deals for every dot com in sight. A flood of new shares hit the market this year, and now the scarcity premium on Net stocks is gone.

The glut hurts in another key way. It creates well-capitalized competition for companies that have already gone public. This is an underappreciated phenomenon. Each new Internet IPO equips yet another company to steal business from the incumbents. Instead of one online pet store, there are three. That pushes all companies in the same line of enterprise further from the future profits that, to a degree, all Internet investors count on.

So far this year, 88 Internet companies have issued 432 million new shares, raising \$12 billion, reports Thomson Financial Securities Data. That's more new Internet shares in five months than were minted in 1997 and 1998 combined. And 90 more companies expect to raise some \$8 billion through new offerings this summer, Merrill Lynch reports.

Is this lunacy? Not at all. "The stock market is acting perfectly rational with this Internet thing," says Charles Clough, chief market strategist at Merrill. "It is providing

capital because this whole infrastructure has to be built, and it has to be built very rapidly."

This is the nature of capitalism. A new idea comes along. Investors throw money at it. Eventually, an economic model emerges.

At that point, the winners win big, and everyone else goes broke.

The Street's role is to make sure that enough money gets thrown at the idea so that the profitable model takes shape quickly. This weeding-out process is time-tested, from the advent of trains, planes and automobiles early in the century to the more recent arrival of electronics, computers and biotechnology. Consumers almost always benefit; the average investor almost always is better off waiting to see which companies survive.

It's unlikely that many of the survivors will come from the current crop of Internet stocks making their debuts as IPOs. Now on the docket are many also-rans, third or fourth to market with second-tier managements. Take PCQuote.com, which filed last Wednesday to raise \$100 million. It competes in the already jammed area of financial data, which includes TheStreet.com, Reuters and others. "How new is that? Let's go watch paint dry," sniffs David Menlow of the research firm IPO Financial Network.

On Thursday, HotJobs.com filed for an IPO, hoping to raise \$69 million this summer, even though other stocks in the category, like TopJobs.net, have struggled. "A story is only interesting the first time," says Chip Morris, manager of the T. Rowe Price Science and Technology Fund. "By the hundredth time an Internet company comes in repeating the same mantra, you just want to scream to somebody, 'Give me a break!'"

Others from the current crop of Net IPOs may represent new opportunities, but in niche—and thus limited—markets. Still others are so nascent that they are little more than a concept hoping to cash in quickly. Profits? They don't even have revenue. Drugstore.com, an online prescription-drug company, has filed for an IPO even though it has only three months of formal results. The IPO may do well any-

way. The company has a top-notch underwriter in Morgan Stanley Dean Witter. It is the first online company of its kind to attempt to sell shares to the public, and it's backed by savvy Internet investors, including Amazon founder Jeff Bezos.

Now consider quepasa.com, a Spanish-language search engine that has none of those qualities—plus a 26-year-old CEO. Despite having virtually no revenue and a \$6.9 million loss last year, the company hopes to raise \$44 million in an IPO next week.

Ironically, fund managers will continue to buy freshly minted Internet stocks, if only to flip them back into the market for one-day

gains. The days when every Internet IPO would double or triple on the first trade have vanished. But most still go up a quick 20% to 30%, low-hanging fruit for any money manager who can get shares at the IPO price. Lately, though, even the easy money has been harder to come by. A handful of recent Internet IPOs quickly fell below their IPO price, and dozens trade below the price of the first trade, which is the price that most individuals end up paying.

That doesn't mean the window is being slammed shut on Internet entrepreneurs. Far from it. The investors who really count in the IPO game are institutions, and they've all made plenty of money by buying at the IPO price. They will continue buying. There is little reason for issuers to pull back, and few have. Last week Drkoop.com, a consumer health-care site headed by the former Surgeon General Dr. C. Everett Koop, doubled the first day, proving that a good story still sells. High-profile CNN anchor Lou Dobbs has announced that he will resign to start Space.com, proving that entrepreneurs still believe there's time to build a Net company and cash in.

"I don't think it's a bad market for quality companies," says Jay Walker, founder of Priceline.com, a money-losing e-commerce site whose value soared 10-fold, to \$23 billion, a month after its March IPO and is now at \$13 billion. "If eBay went out today, it would still soar. But the fantasy stocks are back where they belong. People are looking for real traction, real sales, real growth." And maybe a little panache.

—With reporting by Daniel Eisenberg/New York

## Can the Mouse Click on the Net?

**W**ITH INTERNET COMPANIES popping up like dandelions after a summer rain—and being plucked for public offerings even before they start to flower—it's no wonder full-grown companies have been hard at work on their own Web gardens. Last week Walt Disney Co. became the latest media giant wanting to convert its Internet assets into a growth stock.

Disney is planning to buy the 57% of portal partner InfoSeek that it does not already own, consolidate its various Net properties and issue a tracking stock to take advantage of today's relatively high valuations. On their own, Disney's Net holdings would be worth \$6 billion to \$7 billion, according to analysts. But when they're lumped in with Disney's traditional businesses (like theme parks), that value is diminished.

And while the Net-stock craze may have cooled, a Disney Net stock would be a standout, analysts say. "If you say 'Disney Digital,' you'll get people very excited," says Richard MacDonald, managing director at J.P. Morgan.

That would not include the company's top online executive, Jake Winebaum, head of Disney's Buena Vista Internet Group, who last week became the latest and greatest of Mouse managers to leave to pursue his own Net business, free of Disney's corporate control.

Winebaum helped make Disney, though a late comer to the Internet game, a formidable player. Last year Disney bought a 43% stake in InfoSeek, a

search engine that was slipping behind competitors and needed a new brand and some marketing might. Disney needed to beef up its online presence with a portal. In January the two launched the Go Network, now the fourth most popular online destination ([go.com](http://go.com)), with more than 19 million visitors a month. Not bad, but far from the best. At No. 1, [yahoo.com](http://yahoo.com) attracts close to 31 million, according to Net-traffic tracker Media Matrix. Disney's other online properties include extensions of its well-known TV and cable brands ([ABCNews.com](http://ABCNews.com) and [ESPN.com](http://ESPN.com)) and its retail operations (Disney Stores Online).

Disney is not the only media conglomerate seeking to shine a light on its ventures in cyberspace. NBC is in the process of merging its Net properties with Xoom.com and Snap.com to form a new publicly traded company, NBC Internet. CBS has said it intends to spin off its stakes in Marketwatch.com, Sportsline.com and other Web assets by the end of the year. And Viacom wants to do something similar with [mtv.com](http://mtv.com), [vhl.com](http://vhl.com) and other spawn of its cable holdings.

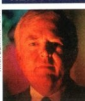
Disney shareholders could sure use the boost that a Net tracking stock would bring. Weakened home-video sales and a slowdown in merchandise licensing in the midst of *Star Wars* mania have hurt earnings; Disney stock is down 25% from its 52-week high. High costs for NFL games for ABC and start-ups such as Animal Kingdom and the Disney Cruise Lines have all pinched the bottom line.

And lastly, there is CEO Michael Eisner's ongoing battle with former studio boss Jeffrey Katzenberg.

Hearings on exactly how much Disney owes Katzenberg continued last week. The decision could eventually cost several hundred million dollars. Says analyst David Londoner of Schroder & Co.: "It's a great company, but they're going through a soft period, and it's not obvious when they're going to come out of it." Better launch that stock soon.

—By Marianne Murray Buechner

### NEW PLAYER



Popular CNN anchor Lou Dobbs figures there's still plenty of time to mint wealth on the Internet. He's quitting Moneyline to start Space.com

### DISNEY.COM

The troubled company is the latest media giant to seek big bucks by converting its Internet assets to equity



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**VIRTUAL NUPTIAL:**  
At Half Moon Bay, Bryan Medina and Lupita Hernandez, left, tie the knot; above, Natomas' Pritesh Patel and Elena Rodriguez

## EDUCATION

# Hitched in Home Room

Seeking to curb divorces, schools are teaching the facts of married life. Is it for better or for worse?

By JODIE MORSE

IT'S SIXTH PERIOD AT SACRAMENTO'S Natomas High School, and love is in the air. Teacher Janet Mann arrives bearing a white veil, a garter and carnations from the grocery store down the street. Then she asks the class to pair off, boy-girl, and proceeds. "Do you promise to be truthful and honest to your partner... until the course ends on June 10?" The couples say "I do" and swap plastic rings. Then Mann instructs the giggling newlyweds, "You may now *not* kiss the bride."

Is this school? Teachers have long indoctrinated students in practical subjects like home ec, but the idea of giving 16- and 17-year-olds a primer on matrimony is relatively new. Many middle and high schools in more than 40 states have taken the plunge into marriage education in the past four years, according to Diane Sollee, director of the Coalition for Marriage, Family and Couples Education. This year Florida went a step further, mandating marriage ed as a high school graduation requirement. Arizona, Utah and South Dakota are considering similar legislation.

With half of all marriages ending in divorce, many children no longer have healthy relationships at home to serve as models. Spurred on by research showing that couples who master certain skills—like conflict resolution and active listening—are less likely to split up, advocates of marriage classes contend that giving teens these tools early could eventually curb the divorce rate. Or at least dissuade sweethearts from marrying rashly. Ranging from a few weeks to a semester, the courses attract both singles and dating couples. Says author Barbara Dafoe Whitehead, co-director of Rutgers University's National Marriage Project: "In a consumer society where people have the facts about models of cars or refrigerators, it's only fair to give them the facts about marriage."

Just how—or whether—those facts should be

**GOOD MATCH:** Gwen Upvall and Tim Sullivan are dating

packaged for the classroom is up for debate. In Mann's class, part of the Connections curriculum, teen brides and grooms do everything from write vows to plan a honeymoon (sans the sex). The Partners course, developed by the American Bar Association, focuses more on the contractual elements of marriage. Students research custody statutes; a divorce lawyer assists with class. A textbook used in more than 1,000 schools is *The Art of Loving Well*, which features Shakespeare and D.H. Lawrence on marriage.

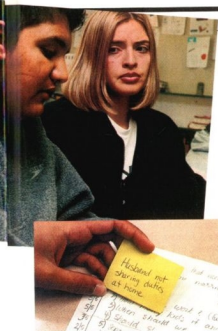
Some educators bristle at bringing such touchy-feely topics into an already overcrowded curriculum. "I know of no evidence that marriage courses lead to better marriages," says Brookings Institution senior fellow Diane Ravitch. "But I do know of a great deal of evidence that schools are doing a poor job teaching math, science, history, literature and foreign languages." Then there's the question of whether kids who watch *Dawson's Creek* and get free condoms at school are thinking in the long term. Says University of Washington marriage expert John Gottman: "They should be learning about dating and how to even talk to the opposite sex." Some psychologists have another worry: that marriage ed puts conforming pressure on teens who may be questioning their sexual orientation.

Though it's too soon



TO: JILL KATZ/STANFORD





to tell whether students will take their Marriage 101 lessons with them to the altar, advocates maintain the courses are already helping teens relate better to their parents and peers. In a five-year Boston University study, students who took *The Art of Loving Well* course were less likely to rush into sex. Scott Gardner, a South Dakota State University assistant professor evaluating marriage ed in that state's schools, found that after a semester-long course, students were more likely to reason out arguments than resort to aggression.

At minimum, marriage classes introduce kids to the nitty-gritty problems that can arise in close relationships. "We didn't agree at all," says Lupita Hernandez, 18, who went down the virtual aisle with Bryan Medina this month at California's Half Moon Bay High School. "He wanted to go to Las Vegas on our honeymoon, and I wanted to go to a beach in Mexico like Cancun. I got really frustrated."

The frustrations can get worse. Natomas' Natalie Miles, 16, and Robi Quick, 17, initially coasted through domestic life—a starter home in Sacramento, a vacation in nearby Monterey—until Mann informed them they were going to have a baby. Robi's \$38,000 accountant's salary wouldn't provide for a family of three, and the couple started arguing about Natalie's going back to work. "He just stopped talking to me and started acting like he was the boss," says Natalie. "It was all coming down on me at once," pleads Robi. "I thought, man, this is going to lead to a divorce." It didn't, but class ended a few days later.

—With reporting by Laird Harrison/  
Sacramento and Rachele Kanigel/Half Moon Bay

L A W

## Ending the Roundups

With Chicago's antiloitering law struck down, California is a model for how to fight street gangs

THE IMAGE WAS RIVETING, AS JUSTICE John Paul Stevens, a Chicago native, presented it. A gang member and his father are hanging out near Wrigley Field. Are they there "to rob an unsuspecting fan or just to get a glimpse of Sammy Sosa leaving the ball park?" A police officer has no idea, but under Chicago's anti-gang law, the cop must order them to disperse. With Stevens writing for a 6-to-3 majority, the Supreme Court last week struck down Chicago's sweeping statute, which had sparked 42,000 arrests in its three years of enforcement.

The decision was a blow to advocates of get-tough crime policies. But in a widely noted concurring opinion, Justice Sandra Day O'Connor suggested that a less draconian approach—distinguishing gang members from innocent bystanders—might pass constitutional muster. New language could target loiterers "with no apparent purpose other than to establish control over identifiable areas, to intimidate others from entering those areas or to conceal illegal activities," she wrote. Chicago officials vowed to draft a new measure. "We will go back and correct it and then move forward," said Mayor Richard Daley.

Chicago officials, along with the League of Cities and 31 states that sided with them in court, might do well to look at one state where anti-gang loitering prosecutions have withstood constitutional challenges: Cal-

ifornia. The state has two antiloitering statutes on the books, aimed at people intending to commit specific crimes—prostitution and drug dealing. In addition, a number of local prosecutors are waging war against gangs by an innovative use of the public-nuisance laws.

In cities such as Los Angeles and San Jose, prosecutors have sought injunctions against groups of people suspected of gang activity. "The officers in the streets know the gang members and gather physical evidence for lengthy court hearings," says Los Angeles prosecutor Martin Vranicar. If the evidence is enough to convince a judge, an injunction is issued to prohibit specific behavior—such as carrying cell phones or pagers or blocking sidewalk passage—in defined geographical areas. "It works instantly," says San Jose city attorney Joan Gallo, who successfully defended the tactic before the California Supreme Court. "A few days after the injunctions, children are playing on streets where they never were before."

So far, only a few hundred gang members have been targeted, out of an estimated 150,000 in Los Angeles alone. But experts say last week's decision set the parameters for sharper measures. Says Harvard law professor Laurence Tribe: "It just means they have to use a scalpel rather than an invisible mallet."

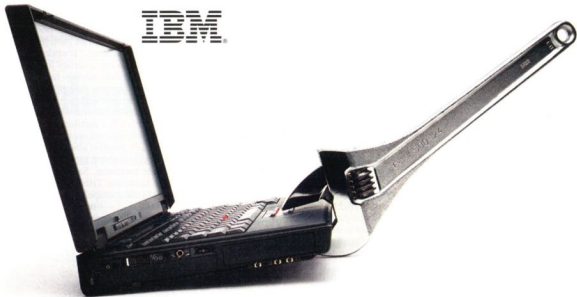
—By Margot Hornblower/  
Los Angeles. With reporting by Timothy Roche/  
Chicago and Andrea Sachs/New York



TARGETED APPROACH: Police stop suspected gang members on the streets of Los Angeles



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L A W

# Zoey Had Two Moms

A lesbian couple breaks up, and the birth mom wants sole custody. Is that fair?

By JULIE GRACE PALM BAY

ONCE UPON A TIME, JUST A FEW YEARS ago, two women fell in love with each other. They would have married if the law allowed it. They wanted very much to have a child. And so they did, through artificial insemination. One partner gave birth to a beautiful girl named Zoey, and both shared in her care. For several years they were a happy '90s family like the one depicted in the controversial children's book *Heather Has Two Mommies*.

But then the mommies began to fight and, like so many couples these days, decided to break up. And now the woman who gave birth to Zoey is blocking her former partner from seeing the five-year-old child. The other woman is suing for custody rights. And a state appeals court in Florida is struggling with some heart-rending questions: Who exactly qualifies as a child's parent in the eyes of the law? Can a woman who behaves as a mother to a child be kept away from that child just because the woman is homosexual?

Penny Kazmierazak, 40, a disabled Army veteran in Palm Bay, Fla., is the woman being kept from seeing the little girl she has helped to rear, and she thinks she knows the answers to the tough questions. She thinks anyone does, if she listens to her heart. A mother, Kazmierazak says, is the person a child calls "Mommy"; the one who cares for the child physically and emotionally, without pay. She adds, "It's easy for a child to have two moms"—and the child doesn't care which one gave birth to her.

That's the proposition that Kazmierazak has placed before the Florida appeals judges. Much of her evidence is stuffed into a scrapbook that she hugged to her chest during a court hearing last month. It includes a sperm-donor list, the stick from an early

pregnancy test that still shows the positive lines indicating a baby had been conceived, ultrasound pictures of Zoey in the womb and a letter from Kazmierazak's former partner. It reads: "Thank you for having our beautiful little girl with me... You are her mommy and will always be. I will never do anything to change that. I promise you." The evidence has not been heard in court.

That former partner, Zoey's biological mom, is Pam Query, 37, whose job for years has been caring for her ailing mother. She and her lawyer have not argued the facts of the case so much as the law—and the law, so far, has been on their side. When Kazmierazak first sought custody rights, the trial court ruled she had no standing in the case. Florida law recognizes parental rights of custody only for biological or adoptive parents and grandparents. Kazmierazak is none of these.

Most states allow what is called a second-parent adoption, which allows a person to adopt the children of his or her partner without ending the partner's parental status. But Florida is not one of those states. So

Kazmierazak and her lawyers are, in essence, asking the appeals court to interpret the law broadly and consider her role as a parent and the best interests of the child.

Her case, and a similar one pending in Illinois, could set new precedents for the rights of non-biological or "psychological" parents. Steve Scarborough, a lawyer for the Lambda Legal Defense Fund, which promotes homosexual rights and is representing Kazmierazak, says courts in New Mexico, Pennsylvania



**LONELY ROOM** Kazmierazak, now with lighter hair, in little Zoey's old bedroom

and Wisconsin have "recognized the harm that comes to children when relationships with nonbiological parents are severed."

Query became Zoey's biological mom because Kazmierazak was physically unable to do so. They found a suitable sperm donor who Kazmierazak says shared many of her characteristics, such as her artistic predilection. Query and Kazmierazak attended birthing classes and doctor's visits together, and Kazmierazak attended the birth. The two women brought Zoey home to Kazmierazak's house. The moms, seeking to establish a legal relationship between Kazmierazak and Zoey, were able only to execute a grant of custody to Kazmierazak, which gave her permission to take the child to doctor's visits and enroll her in day care.

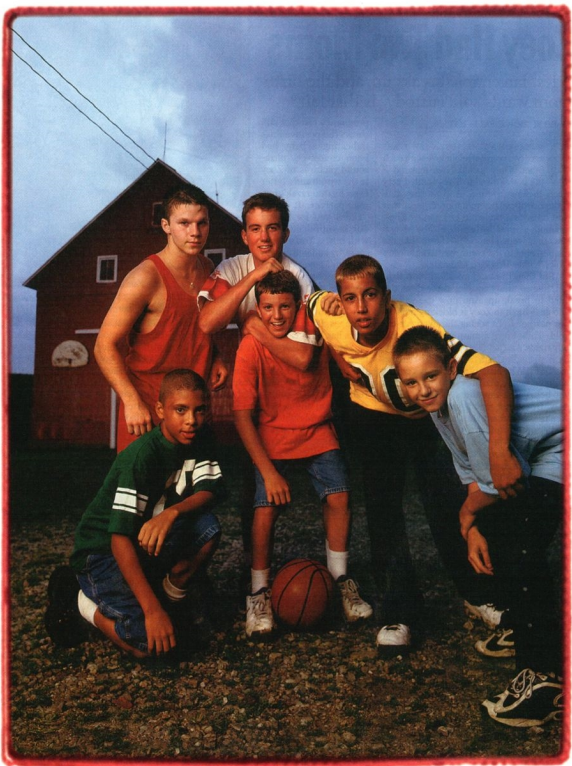
Query declined to be interviewed, but her attorney, Margaret Anderson of Vero Beach, Fla., sees the case as one of attempted "child snatching" by Kazmierazak, whom she refers to as Query's "roommate." Anderson adds, "I see the case as being a slippery slope. Does someone who loves my child and helps with the care have custody rights? How can you have a babysitter or nanny in your home when you're out working 40 to 60 hours a week? Women are not going to allow people to love their child if they have to be wary on the basis of a 'psychological-parent custody claim' on that child."

Scarborough retorts that Kazmierazak was not a paid nanny. "She's someone who is devoted to the child," he said. "She is someone who is known to her as Mom." At least she was the last time she saw Zoey—about 18 months ago.



**BEFORE THE SPLIT** Zoey with Query, left, and Kazmierazak

COURTESY PENNY KAZMIERAZAK



I N D I A N A

T E A M

S P I R I T

*It's building*

M O R E T H A N J U S T

G R E A T

A T H L E T E S

Indiana has been home to some of America's greatest sports teams for more than a century. Maybe it's because Hoosiers are naturally competitive. Or maybe it's because the local fans are so supportive. Whatever the reason, teamwork is one of the



qualities that has made their state great. And it's definitely one of the reasons Indiana was chosen as the site of Toyota's major new U.S. vehicle manufacturing plant.

By the time it's fully operational, Toyota Motor Manufacturing, Indiana will have the capacity to produce 150,000 vehicles per year. The 2,300 new jobs created here will raise Toyota's direct U.S. employment to nearly 27,000. Now that's what we call an expansion team.

As a company which does business in the global marketplace, Toyota recognizes the need to invest in local design, research and manufacturing, to ensure that the products we sell answer the special needs and standards of all of our drivers. That's why, in 25 countries around the world, Toyota vehicles are being manufactured by the same people who drive them - local people.

Sure, it makes good business sense for Toyota. But it also builds growth and competitiveness in the communities where we do business. That's what team spirit means to Toyota. It's how we play the game.

**TOYOTA** People Drive Us



# Cellblock Seniors

They have grown old and frail in prison. Must they still be locked up?

By TAMMERLIN DRUMMOND

**P**ICTURE AN 86-YEAR-OLD MAN CLUTCHING a walker as he shuffles down a prison hallway. Not exactly the usual image of a dangerous killer locked up for the good of society. Chances are, it's not what the judge envisioned either when he sentenced John Bedarka, a Pennsylvania coal miner, to life without parole for shooting his wife's lover to death 30 years ago. But Bedarka is still in prison at Laurel Highlands correctional institution in Somerset, Pa., in frail health, severely depressed and a threat to no one.

The number of elderly men in Bedarka's situation is increasing dramatically. With three-strikes laws becoming common and some states abolishing parole altogether, the ranks of these aging, sickly inmates will only keep growing—as will the cost to taxpayers. Because elderly people require more medical care, it costs nearly three times as much to incarcerate them, or about \$65,000 a year per inmate. "Society has to take a real good look at this aging prison population and what's going to happen to them," says Fredric Rosemeyer, superintendent of Laurel Highlands, one of a new crop of prisons with geriatric wings equipped with oxygen generators and wheelchairs instead of handcuffs and stun guns.

About 70 miles east of Pittsburgh, Laurel Highlands is a prison and a nursing home rolled into one for people like Bedarka. For the sickest of the sick, there is the 85-bed long-term-care unit, staffed by 48 nurses around the clock. In a dayroom, half a dozen elderly men gaze at an ancient TV, mesmerized by Judge Judy. Amputees pushing manually operated wheelchairs queue up at the medication counter, where a cheery nurse dispenses pills for diabetes, heart disease and stroke. Nearby, a delu-



**HARD TIME:** After 30 years, Bedarka is a threat to no one

sional man rants that State Road 31 is a barrier protecting him from the Martians. The demand for beds is so great that the prison plans a \$23 million expansion that will triple capacity.

Other states are following Pennsylvania's lead in building penal facilities for the aged. But just how much sense does it make for society to keep these mostly nonviolent, broken old men incarcerated? With the U.S. prison population soaring (to a record 1.8 million last year), Florida and California are being forced to release violent felons early because of court orders to reduce prison overcrowding. Should these people go free while harmless wheelchair-bound geriatrics

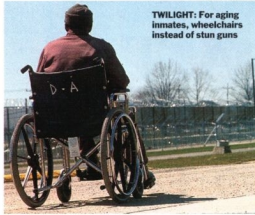
stay locked up? Statistically, the risk of recidivism drops significantly with age. "To keep some of these folks in prison for the length of time we do is purely punitive and serves no purpose to society," argues William DiMascio, executive director of the Pennsylvania Prison Society.

The plight of aging inmates has its ironies. In prison they have virtually unlimited access to medical care, while ailing seniors who have walked the straight and narrow often do without because they can't afford soaring health-care costs. What's more, inmates who have spent 30 or 40 years in prison frequently have no family members to care for them. Most states have limited halfway-housing programs for relatively healthy elderly ex-cons, but they can accommodate just a fraction of those in need. "We are constantly faced with low-risk,

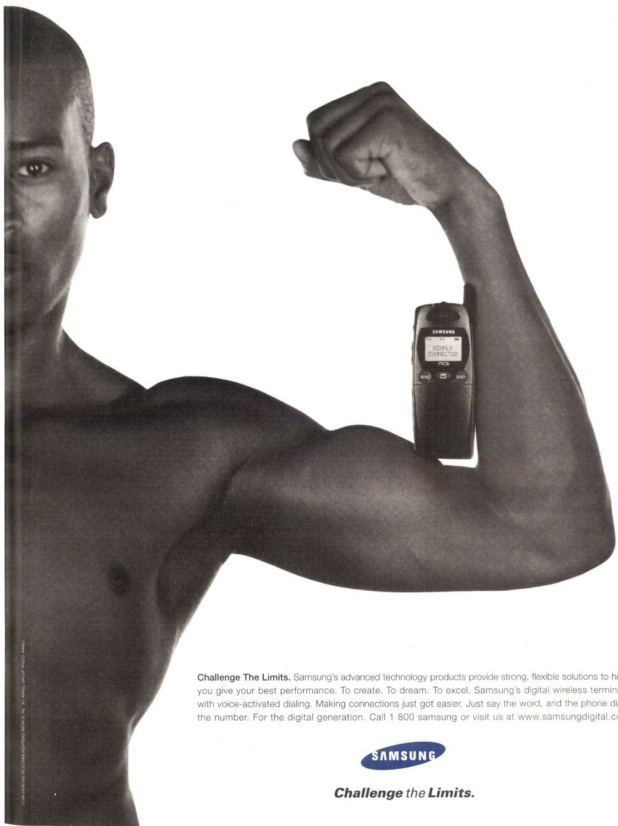
high-cost prisoners who should be moved into some kind of supervised release," says Jonathan Turley, founder of George Washington University's Project for Older Prisoners, known as POPs. "But there is no infrastructure in most states to accept large numbers of released older prisoners."

POPs, an innovative program that represents elderly inmates at their parole hearings and helps find a place in the community for nonviolent geriatric inmates, has helped 200 prisoners 55 and over win parole. Half were released to the custody of relatives. Others were accepted into halfway-house programs and church-run, low-cost apartments. Turley argues that states could reap tremendous savings by diverting just a fraction of corrections' budgets into post-release housing alternatives.

No one is advocating wholesale amnesty for inmates solely because of advancing age. Though many geriatric inmates are lifers whose crimes were in the distant past, a surprising 45% of inmates 50 and older have been arrested within the past two years. These older felons, moreover, tend to be locked up for more serious crimes, such as rape, murder and child molestation. Yet they're sharing prison space with people like Bedarka, who can't remember what he ate for breakfast but can clearly recall his defense against that murder charge three decades ago. "He threatened me," Bedarka says. "It was either him or me." Now, it's just him. ■



**TWILIGHT:** For aging inmates, wheelchairs instead of stun guns



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**Challenge the Limits.**



**DOG DAYS:** In Maine, Tubba the St. Bernard cooled off as the U.S. baked last week

## What Global Warming?

As the world heats up, the public simply goes cold

**106°**

IF YOU WANTED TO question whether global warming is indeed upon us, last

week was not the time to do it. Two weeks before the official beginning of summer, a heat wave baked the eastern third of the U.S. and Canada, driving temperatures high into the 90s and even 100s. At the same time, a flurry of scientific papers was released that seemed to explain all the late-spring suffering. In one study, French researchers reported that heat-trapping greenhouse gases are at their highest levels in 420,000 years. In another, U.S. scientists found that 57 species of butterfly may be altering their migratory patterns in response to changing heat patterns.

In light of all this, a sweltering public must have been convinced at last that it's time to do something to cool off the overheated planet, right? Wrong. Even as the tempera-

ture was climbing, a new survey by the American Geophysical Union found that Americans are less concerned than ever about combatting global warming. "The more we talk about warming," says the study's director, John Immerwahr, "the [more the] public's concern goes down."

Such an environmental disconnect may not be much of a mystery. Environmentalists complain that over the past two years industry groups have launched a coordinated advertising campaign to torpedo the 1997 Kyoto treaty, which requires industrial nations to reduce greenhouse emissions. More than \$13 million has been spent on ads to block ratification of the treaty by the U.S. Senate. "The purpose of

the ads was to convince most Americans that there isn't a problem or that it's too expensive to fix," says National Environmental Trust spokesman Peter Kelly.

Environmentalists also criticize President Clinton for what they believe is his failure to press the issue. Only last week, Clinton moved for Kyoto treaty changes that environmental groups see as industry-pleasing loopholes. Says Daniel Weiss, the Sierra Club's political director: "Timid leaders communicate hopelessness." And hopelessness breeds indifference.

If such popular so-whatting persists, Immerwahr warns, the public may begin grasping at phony solutions to global warming. At the end of last week, some people took comfort from the report of a vast haze of pollutants that collects over the Indian Ocean in the winter, but that researchers only recently studied. Filthy as the cloud is, it does deflect solar radiation, and that could lead to cooling. But scientists warn that we cannot simply pollute our way out of global warming. The soot drops from the hazy atmosphere in weeks, whereas greenhouse gases remain for centuries.

The way out of this gridlock, environmentalists say, is to show it's possible to reduce greenhouse gases without sinking the economy. Solutions include cleaner cars and better wind- and solar-power technologies. Says Greg Weststone, program director for the Natural Resources Defense Council: "When these kinds of options become available, people will feel less hopeless." Of course, it's also possible that only when people feel less hopeless will they press their leaders to make the solutions available.

—By Dick Thompson

### IN BRIEF

## Brain Repair Tool Kit

**T**he notion of repairing disease-damaged brains with replacement cells is among the most talked-about—and the most audacious—ideas in modern neuroscience. Until now, however, that audacity has been limited to illnesses that attack narrowly circumscribed parts of the brain: the substantia nigra, for example, whose destruction causes Parkinson's disease.

But a paper in the current *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences* suggests that neuroscientists may be getting a little more daring. A team of researchers reports

that they've managed to reverse a neural disorder in mice that affects not just a single region of the brain but the entire organ. The genetically based disease prevents the formation of myelin sheathing around nerve fibers. Without that insulation, signals go awry and the mice develop tremors (similar to what happens to humans with multiple sclerosis).

To fix the problem, researchers injected the mice's brains with neuronal stem cells, a kind of parent cell that can generate any cell type in the central nervous system. These same cells have shown promise in the localized treatment of Parkinson's disease. In this case, though, the stem cells had to migrate throughout



the mice's brains, then figure out what kinds of cells to turn

into—a much more complicated process. Yet that's just what they did, fanning out and transforming themselves into oligodendrocytes, which started churning out myelin insulation. In 60% of cases, the tremors stopped almost completely.

Just what cued the stem cells to respond in precisely the right way is unclear, but the fact that they did respond suggests that a different brain disorder might have produced a different, equally therapeutic result. If that's so—and, more important, if it turns out to work in humans the same way it does in mice—then neuroscientists may someday have a brain-repair tool kit of astonishing versatility and power. —By Michael D. Lemonick

**WEB PHOENIX RISES:**  
Online players have  
had little luck slaying  
the Everquest dragon



## TECHNOLOGY

# Grab Your Breastplate!

Everquest reinvents the Web role-playing game

By **MICHAEL KRANTZ** SAN DIEGO

**J**IM KESSELING IS NOT AT LIBERTY TO reveal the dungeon from which he procured the Mythral breastplate. And the identity of the monsters he and his party spent 11 hours slaying in order to win the item is likewise proprietary. But he will talk about the auction that his character, a gnome named Razor, held that night in Mithaniel Marr. Roughly 200 players showed up, and the armor sold for 4,000 platinum pieces. But then, turning a socially responsible profit is Razor's forte. "It's how I add value to the economy," he says, "and to the game itself."

So it goes in Everquest, the state of the art in multiplayer, online role-playing games. It's been clear for decades how enthralled gamers are by such adventures, in which they visit invented universes whose inhabitants create their own stories by exploring territory, making alliances, seeking treasure and so on. But the Net has advanced the form considerably since the halcyon days of Dungeons & Dragons, the original game played by dateless dweebs in rec rooms across America on Saturday nights. Today's fantasy worlds are designed by software gurus, are presented on the Web and swarm with tens of thousands of players. The result is virtual societies like Ultima Online, which in two years amassed 125,000 players so fervent that pieces of exclusive

real estate on the Ultima site—think of it as the Ultima in-game equivalent of a duplex on Manhattan's Upper East Side—regularly sell on eBay for more than \$1,000.

Everquest raises the bar again. Three years in the making at Sony's 989 Studios in San Diego, it's the role-playing market's first 3-D online world, a lush environment reminiscent of immersive shoot-'em-ups like Quake and Doom. The Everquest team, says 989 president Kelly Flock, took a chance by deciding to leap-frog the 2-D Ultima and create a game so graphics-rich it would require a 3-D-accelerated PC in order to play it.

Smart move. Everquest launched in March and was an instant hit; after only two months, more than 100,000 people have purchased the CD-ROM, and dutifully pay an \$8 or \$9 monthly subscription rate. Each night 30,000 people fill the cities, deserts and forests that constitute the 19 Everquest zones.

Yes, worried parents, there's violence in Everquest. But the game's best post-Columbine feature is its marginalization of slaughter. In sharp contrast to Ultima, in which veteran players often murder "new-

**BARD GAME Music**  
and other cultural  
pursuits play as big a  
role as online killing

bies" just for the thrill of it, Everquest, says producer Brad McQuaid, lets users choose whether or not to be "player killers"; only those who do can kill—or be killed by—others. Thus far only 15% have opted for killer status.

Instead, Everquest thrives on the relationships that develop among players, who talk via chat windows in one of the languages spoken by the game's 12 races (elf, gnome, human, etc.). Players attend concerts, auctions and weddings; bicker over everything from wolf meat to scimitars; and pool talents and resources to quest for distant treasures. "Stuff like that," says McQuaid, "is more binding than shooting your friend with a rocket launcher."

Well, millions of Quake freaks would beg to differ, but there's no doubting the depths of the Everquesters' passions; already tales are circulating of companies' banning the game from their in-house machines and college girlfriends stealing the discs from their boyfriends' PCs. Last week eBay had 140 virtual Everquest items up for auction: weapons, spells, even the game's currency trading for U.S. dollars—what one might call a cyber exchange rate.

The players themselves aren't always quite what you'd expect. Kesseling, 32, for instance, is an Ohio computer-network engineer with a wife and three kids. "We all play together," he says. "For us, Everquest has pretty much replaced TV."

And, say enthusiasts, you ain't seen nothin' yet. In a few years, predicts Flock, "people are going to have faster connections and processors, more memory and more storage. These worlds are going to become the dominant form of entertainment." Which should even bring down the cost of those Mythral breastplates. ■





C I N

# Going G<sup>☹️☹️</sup>fy at t

By RICHARD CORLISS

**A**LL RIGHT, CLASS, PENCILS DOWN, lighten up. It's summer. Summer-movie time. And that means you can have your brains cryogenically frozen till fall. You won't have to take Cliffs Notes to any movie, unless it's *Dick*, the comedy about two '70s teenagers who were supposedly Watergate's Deep Throat—and that picture boasts giggling girls, a fart joke and a Chief Executive who serendipitously

shares his nickname with the male organ. As for mega-serioso drama, the main one is *Eyes Wide Shut*, and that has Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman making weird whoopee, so it shouldn't be a chore to sit through. Most of the other pictures are minds wide shut. Their only aim is to make you laugh yourself sick. As Eddie Murphy, playing a star actor in the inside-Hollywood comedy *Bowfinger*, says, "We're tryin' to make a *movie* here, not a film."

Summer movies mean movement: frantic, farcical, talking-car movement in

*Inspector Gadget* (with Matthew Broderick as the patched-together robocop), or hip, Tim Burtonish bustle in the comic-book-derived *Mystery Men* (with Ben Stiller, Hank Azaria and Janeane Garofalo as all-too-human superheroes). But even in the action films, expect muscles to give way to giggles.

And in the flat-out comedies, movement means the rapid flapping of a wise mouth. Cartman and his smartass school chums will try talking their way back into the pop zeitgeist with the feature cartoon





E M A

# the Movies

**What will save the world this summer? Wacky films with dogs, dudes, Dick, dads, and mom's apple pie**

*South Park: Bigger, Longer and Uncut*. In *Mickey Blue Eyes*, Brit blueblood Hugh Grant plans to marry into a Mafia family and has to pass himself off as a Brooklyn gangster. *Detroit Rock City*, set in 1978, is about four guys trying to bluff their way into a KISS concert. It may remind you of *I Wanna Hold Your Hand*, made in 1978, about a bunch of kids trying to get into the Beatles' first Ed Sullivan gig in 1964. But then, every summer movie tends to resemble every other summer movie. This year, though, movie heroes are less interested in

saving the planet than in losing their virginity. That's the difference between macho melodrama and lowbrow comedy.

After a decade of warm-weather box offices defined by mammoth action films, Hollywood is partying in 1999. This is the season of silly—the goofy summer. Also dopey, because the humor is so often about bodily functions. And happy, for the studio bosses pleased not to be sweating out each weekend's take for a *Titanic*-priced epic that may do *Postman*-like business.

And finally, in terms of budget, mini.

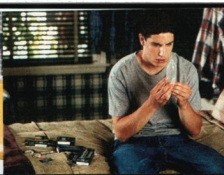
These days an action extravaganza with computer-generated special effects can run up a \$120 million tab; often what all those computers generate is a runaway budget. But this summer's two dead-cert hits are the Mike Myers parody *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me* and Adam Sandler's *Big Daddy*, each of which cost only \$30 million. "Even if your comedy has the biggest star in the world—Jim Carrey, Eddie Murphy—it's still more economical than a gigantic effects movie," says Amy Pascal, president of Columbia



## Big Daddy, JUNE 25

STARRING: Adam Sandler

**WHAT'S SO FUNNY:** Sandler's "acting" in the big emotional climax; the whim of the gods that made this meager talent a top star



## American Pie, JULY 9

STARRING: Jason Biggs, Chris Klein

**WHAT'S SO FUNNY:** The sock, the beer, the Internet grope, the pie—but nobody's laughing at the idea that this will be a monster hit



## Inspector Gadget, JULY 23

STARRING: Matthew Broderick

**WHAT'S SO FUNNY:** Gadget's talking car; it tells the reconstituted superagent, "Seat belt, baby. Gotta have one—this is a Disney movie"

UNIVERSAL (2); COLUMBIA TRISTAR

Pictures, which is releasing *Big Daddy*. "No matter what you do, no matter who's in it, a comedy doesn't cost \$100 million."

Moguls can count. They know that 1998, which was to be *Godzilla's* summer, became the merry months of *Mary*. *There's Something About Mary*, the Farrelly brothers' \$25 million gross-out romance with no big stars and no visual wizardry but a pruny chest prosthesis, earned \$176 million at the domestic box office. The film's success had three quick payoffs. It sent studios rushing to get a new batch of comedies ready for summer '99. Its ribald humor raised the bar, or lowered the standard, for what was acceptable in a mass-market comedy. And it made people feel good. "I got belly laughs I couldn't hold in," says Stacey Snider, president of production at Universal. "Moviegoing is supposed to be a communal experience, and there's nothing more communal than laughter."

**S**O, NATURALLY, THE MOVIE TO beat next week is Sandler's *Big Daddy*, in which the hottest comedy star of the moment teaches a stray five-year-old how to pee in public, toss sticks in the path of in-line skaters and smash cans of Spaghettios on the supermarket floor to get a discount on damaged merchandise. The film, directed by Dennis Dugan, is damaged too: it's standard Sandler sociopathic humor with a lethal dose of climactic treacle. Critics get perplexed when the public rejects smart youth comedies like *Go* and *Election* (which lace their rude wit with complex characters and formal ingenuity) to wallow in the Sandler sandbox. But his huge constituency is as loyal as Moonies. And hey, somebody's got to make the stupidest comedies around.

Somebody else—two brothers, in fact—had to make the movie at the top of Hollywood's high-hopes list this summer. It's not the Will Smith western *Wild Wild West*, which opens just before July 4, but a little comedy from Snider's studio: the

no-star, no-scruples, no-prisoners *American Pie*, an \$11 million gross-out romantic comedy that makes its debut a week later. The cast of this high-school comedy about sexual anxiety skews younger than the early-30s characters of *Mary*, and that's fine with Universal, which wants to grab the loyal teen audience before conquering the whole world. But it's the Did-I-just-see-what-I-think-I-saw gonadal gagery that has Hollywood thinking *Mary* 2.

The Farrellys' notorious hair gel gives way to a gaudier spread: the penis-in-a-sweatsock opening scene, the semen in a beer cup that an unsuspecting guy drinks, a striptease and double premature ejaculation seen on the Internet, the Niagara of

diarrhea one finicky fellow suffers—in the girls' bathroom—and, for dessert, the desperate erotic defiling of Mom's apple pie. (Don't blame us, parents; we're just messengers alerting you to the scenes your kids will be memorizing next month.)

"We didn't want to talk down to teenagers," says Chris Weitz, who directed the movie with his brother Paul (though only Paul gets credit). "Teenage life is not PG-13. It's a lot more R-rated than people are willing to admit." The good people at the movie industry's rating board thought *American Pie* was a bit more than R-rated. The Weitz brothers had to make four trips to the principal's office before the movie was softened from a toxic NC-17 to

**SOUTH PARK: BIGGER, LONGER AND UNCUT**

## Parker and Stone Try Not to Punk Out

**Y**OU CAN ONLY TAKE A punk for so long. Eventually he's going to chew on your roll of tinfoil, and your love affair will end. *South Park* creators Trey Parker and Matt Stone, TV's only true punks, have done something to irk almost everyone. After their blistering success with *South Park* two years ago, the duo did the following: concluded a heavily promoted *South Park* cliffhanger with farting stick figures in place of the regular characters; directed a short movie starring Stone's dancing penis; produced a news show staffed by people with Down syndrome; released *Orgazmo*, a movie about a Mormon porn star; starred in the flop *BASEketball*; argued that

they should be co-presidents of Comedy Central; and refused to make *South Park: Bigger, Longer and Uncut*, due out on June 30, into a PG-13 film. Iggy Pop didn't have that kind of arsenal.

"There's something about when an idea comes up that just shouldn't be done, it's more exciting to me," says Stone. "That's probably a character flaw of ours. Sometimes it pays off huge, and sometimes it backfires." The angry public reaction to the first season's cliffhanger episode, which foreshadowed the second's sagging ratings, shocked them both. "We thought what everyone loved is that the show was a middle finger to convention. We were in a daze wondering how we could be so wrong about our

own audience," says Parker. Adds Stone: "Basically, you can play jokes whenever you want, but you can't play one on your audience. TV is a vicarious experience and not an interactive one."

They seem just as thoughtful about most of their transgressions, all of which, except perhaps *BASEketball*, they still find funny. *Orgazmo*, which was written before *South Park*, they say is funny if thought of as a guerrilla film to be shown at Sundance to annoy local Mormons. The Down syndrome tape, which was recently purchased by the BBC, is funny, they say, not because of the newscasters but because of the uncomfortable reactions people have when dealing



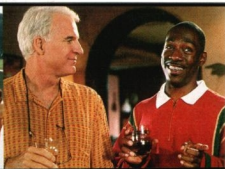
## Mystery Men, JULY 30

**STARRING:** Ben Stiller, Hank Azaria, Greg Kinnear, William H. Macy, Janeane Garofalo  
**WHAT'S SO FUNNY:** This cast of indie-film smarties playing not-so-super heroes



## Dick, AUG. 4

**STARRING:** Kirsten Dunst, Michelle Williams  
**WHAT'S SO FUNNY:** The Brezhnev-Kissinger duet of Hello, Dolly; the girls' giddy scream when they learn what Deep Throat really means



## Bowfinger, AUG. 13

**STARRING:** Steve Martin, Eddie Murphy  
**WHAT'S SO FUNNY:** The two roles Murphy plays (star and stooge), the coolness of Martin's lunacy, the dog in high heels

a respectable R. In fact, *Pie* is no *Mary*. Last year's film was about emotional embarrassment; this year's is about sexual humiliation. The Weitz brothers have really made a millennial *Porky's* (more sex play, stronger roles for the girls). That would be fine with Hollywood too: Bob Clark's 1981 ode to horniness cost \$4 million and earned \$105 million in North America.

"We're in an up period for vulgarity," says Chris Weitz. "I'm proud of our film's vulgarity." Of course he is: it will sell his movie the way that darned zipper sold *Mary*. Hollywood smells a hit too. Brian Grazer, who runs Imagine Entertainment with Ron Howard, gets a little awed as he tells of taking

his son and a friend, ages 13 and 14, to an early screening: "They went insane. They wanted to see it again, like the next second. They go, 'Can we just stay and see it over?'" On the strength of the screening, Grazer hired the Weitz brothers to rewrite the sequel to Murphy's *The Nutty Professor*.

Pushing the movie envelope of bad taste—also spitting on it, scrawling dirty words in crayon and sealing a fake turd inside—is as old as Mel Brooks' *Blazing Saddles* (a toccata of farts around the campfire, 1973) and Steve Martin's *The Jerk* (a certain Shinola gag, 1979). Humiliation humor is nothing new to Brooks (whose 1974 *Young*

*Frankenstein* Sandler watches in *Big Daddy*). "Humor is basically pointing out the flaws in the human condition," he says. "I'm sure cavemen and -women sat around the fire at night, roasting whatever animal, and talked about how Murray could not get out of the way of this big, charging buffalo and was crushed to death, and they all laughed. That was the first joke, and that joke holds true. Murray's still getting crushed, and we're still laughing."

**B**OWFINGER, ABOUT A HAPLESS producer (Martin) who makes a movie by shooting scenes with a big star (Murphy) who doesn't know he's being photographed, is relatively mild—a dish of sherbet next to *American Pie*. Its kookiest scene, set in a dark, deserted garage, has Murphy being dogged by the sound of mysterious high heels. (Actually, it's a dog in high heels.) But Martin appreciates the need for comedy: broad, narrow, all widths. "People just want to have a good time at the movies," he says, "whether it's a science-fiction movie or just a comedy they trust. A science-fiction movie doesn't have to succeed as well as a comedy; you just need some aliens and some special effects. But with comedy, you think, 'If I don't laugh, I'm gonna die. I hate that I came in here.' The audience has to trust it."

There's a sweet scene at the end of *Bowfinger*: the bootleg film has been completed, and all the perpetrators are at the premiere. The movie they've made is probably irredeemable junk, no better than *Big Daddy*. Yet the producer and his cast stare in wonder at the big screen. However feeble the images, they move! And they move those who watch them.

Comedy, raw or refined, can do that to ordinary moviegoers, can create the community of strangers that Snider speaks of. The next months should reveal whether the genre can sustain a whole summer. If not, it's back to the killer asteroids. —Reported by George Harbison/Los Angeles



**CUTUPS:** Kyle hangs in with his makers Stone, left, and Parker

with the disabled. And the dancing penises? It's just that they still think dancing penises are funny.

As for the ratings board and Paramount executives, with whom they have fought over the upcoming film, they admit they refuse to compromise. "It's not that

we don't care about our careers. We're just not insane about our careers like some people here are," says Parker. "We know this is going to end. I don't want to be 55 and doing *South Park*."

In the meantime, their bosses continue to cheer them on. "They're like the Sex Pistols," says Doug Herzog, the

president of Fox, who used to run Comedy Central. "They're the closest thing to rock stars I've encountered in the television business." Perhaps their ultimate punk statement is their next project: the prequel to *Dumb and Dumber*. "That," says Parker, "was pretty much just for the money." —By Joel Stein

A Palm-size PC that plays the





# Blues?

...and the **yellow**s, the **green**s, the **red**s...

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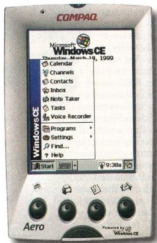
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# Austin's Power

**He's back. And with enough mojo to be even bigger than he was the last time**

By JEFFREY RESSNER

IT WAS OUCH, BABY, VERY OUCH, WHEN the original James Bond met his mock-er Austin Powers during the Cannes Film Festival last month. "Mistah Myers, is this your first time to Cannes?" asked Sean Connery in his thick Scottish brogue. "Yes!" answered Mike Myers nervously. "And is it going well?" Connery inquired. Myers was so flustered before his childhood hero that he could barely squeak out another affirmative reply. "That was all I said, just yes and yes," Myers recalled later. "I was too intimidated to talk, even though I was dying to meet him. What else was I going to say?"

Well, how about "Things are sooo groovy"? The heavily hyped *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me* not only played during the prestigious French festival but, opening in North America this past weekend, also pulled in \$20 million on Friday alone. In comparison, 1997's *Austin Powers: International Man of Mystery* earned just \$9.5 million in its entire first weekend. Still, the exploits of the silly secret agent eventually scored more than \$100 million in the U.S., nearly half of that from video sales. Not bad, considering it cost only \$18 million to make. Also not bad for a movie that began as an in-joke, Myers' personal tribute to the British goon shows his late

father adored and the kooky spy spoofs young Mike watched on TV with his two older brothers. "This is essentially something I thought only people in my house would get," he says. "It should have been a home movie, really."

Told and repeated so many times, the genesis of Austin Powers has become industry folklore. Traumatized by his father's losing battle against Alzheimer's, which ended with his death in 1991, Myers was in a slump. He had milked his *Saturday Night Live* skit *Wayne's World* for two films, then had appeared in the dud *So I Married an Axe Murderer*. Driving home from his practice with an amateur hockey team, he heard Dusty Springfield cooing *The Look of Love* on NPR, and images swirled in his mind: fuzzy memories of free love and Nehru jackets, trashy movies

like *Casino Royale* and *Our Man Flint*. While soaking in Epsom salts that evening, he start-

ed spouting randy Brit-speak to his wife Robin Ruzan in what he calls "that well-traveled, jet-setty Englishman voice." She suggested he write up the character. Within three weeks there was a first-draft screenplay. A toothy icon was born.

"I'm not Faith Popcorn, but I love pop culture," says the 35-year-old Myers, invoking the best-selling trend spotter as he explains how he tapped into the retro zeitgeist. "I'd seen a lot of tie-dyed/Volkswagen van/hippie '60s, but not that mod/go-go boots/everybody's-a-photographer-or-in-a-band thing." For his new character's name, he thought of 007's Aston-Martin sports car. For the look, he borrowed Michael Caine's eyeglasses from *The Ipcress File*. Connery's thatchlike chest hair, the costumes from the Who's rock opera *Quadrophenia* and the grotty dentures he used in an *SNL* skit about sugar-filled British toothpaste. The supervillain, bald-pated Dr. Evil, was lifted from the Bond film *You Only Live Twice*, with Myers adding the pinky-sucking tic of his former *SNL* boss Lorne Michaels.

Not everyone got the joke immediately, including the guy Myers brought in to direct. "The first time I read the script and saw Mike do it, I wondered if it was going to work," admits Jay Roach. "I wasn't a big fan of that level of camp, so it took a while for me to get it. Since then, many people have told me they didn't get it, either, until they shared the viewing experience with their kids."

Austin's goofy antics appealed to youngsters who appreciate anyone who's good at behaving badly (in a PG-13 way, of course) and to grownups who wish they could. Soon after the video was released, catchphrases like "Shagadelic!" and "Oh, behave!" caught on in schoolyards and trendy cocktail lounges alike. "I can't walk past a construction site without having 'Fancy a shag?' yelled at me," says Elizabeth Hurley, who co-starred in the first film



and has a cameo in the sequel. Laughs Roach: "So many women have blamed us for giving men pickup lines. In the era of sexual harassment, I hope it's good for mankind to use a line that can be fairly innocent and still somewhat naughty."

Following his small dramatic roles as Steve Rubell in the unsuccessful film *54* and as a repentant drug dealer in the unreleased *Pete's Meteor*, Myers felt ready to have another go at Austin. Several prequel ideas were tossed about. In one, young Powers and Evil were classmates fighting over the same woman. Roach, returning to direct, suggested making Dr. Evil a square cold-war agent, with Austin "single-handedly creating the British invasion to mess with his head." But Myers and co-screenwriter, Michael McCullers, a former writer for *SNL*, decided on a plot that had Austin revisit the '60s to retrieve his stolen mojo, or raging libido. "If the first movie was *Timecop*, this one is *Back to the Future*," says Myers.

About 40% of the new film was improvised on the set, say several actors. Yet things weren't loosey-goosey for everyone. "It's not as lighthearted as it seems," says Heather Graham, who plays slinky CIA agent Felicity Shagwell. "They were pretty specific about the script. Mike would improvise and make up stuff, but if you forgot one word, they'd say, 'No, that's wrong.' It appears off the cuff, but it was kind of scientific and took hours to get right." Some over-the-top bits were chopped from the movie, many involving a grotesque adversary named Fat Bastard. Portrayed by Myers in an 80-lb. blubber suit that required hours to apply, the character was so foul that women at preview audiences were nauseated, not to mention Graham. "The worst was when he ate all this food and then spit on me," she says.

You won't see many Fat Bastard items among the products from the 100 or so licenses, which include action figures, shagadelic-shaker alcohol mixers, inflatable furniture, an Austin-inspired fragrance and an authorized Swedish penis enlarger. There's also a new version of the Clue board game, a near life-size doll of Dr. Evil's tiny henchman Mini-Me and a talking watch that barks phrases like "Throw me a frickin' bone here!" Kicking in additional millions for promotional tie-ins are half a dozen companies, ranging from Virgin Atlantic airlines to Heineken beer. Next spring there will be a prime-time HBO cartoon series. "We want this to be around for the next 10 to 20 years, ad infinitum," says Bob Friedman, the marketing co-chairman of New Line Cinema (which is owned by TIME's corporate parent, Time Warner). As James Bond might say, that's a pretty Moneyppy. ■



ARMED AND HILARIOUS: Myers and Graham aim for laughs

AUSTIN POWERS: THE SPY WHO SHAGGED ME

## Hey, Baby, Let's Misbehave!

**M**IKE MYERS, FAKE BEAR-HAIR chest and all, romps naked through a French hotel in the opening credits of *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me*. He breezes past a banquet table, where a banana, a loaf of bread and a slab of kosher meat do stunt-double work for Austin's favorite body part. Then he joins some bathing beauties for an Esther Williams-style aquacade. The joke here is that Austin feels no shame—indeed, he shows a kid's Edenic exuberance—in blithely flaunting his pudding torso; the joy is in seeing Myers' dedication to being silly for our pleasure.

The comic who deludedly thinks he's supercool is as old as Bob Hope and as hip as early Albert Brooks, Steve Martin and Andy Kaufman. The idea is to be both endearing and irritating. Her Majesty's dippiest spy is just that as he yo-yos between the '60s and the '90s in his battle with Dr. Evil (also Myers). Our hero wants to save the world a bit less than Dr. E wants to destroy it. He'd rather drive his Shaguar, or shag till he's spent in his shagadelic pad. Austin is fond of the word shag.

This time, in the script written by Myers and Michael McCullers and directed by Jay Roach, Dr. E has stolen Austin's mojo, the essence of his rampant sexuality. Our hero returns to swinging London and meets Felicity Shagwell (gear-fab Heather Graham), a dedicated spy with the body of a *Shindig* dancer.

Plundering junk culture, Myers pays homage to '60s movies that were hardly worth venerating the first time around: not just the James Bond canon but the twist-Brit *Carry On* comedies. All right, what? Myers should do a Woody (Allen) and do a fond riff on Ingmar Bergman films? No way: some movie fashions are too moribund even to poke a stick at.

Besides, a tribute to *Persona* would offer even less excuse than exists here for all the groin gags and caca humor: a dozen nicknames for penis, a flotilla of turd jokes and a scene in which Austin sips a stool sample from the revolting double agent Fat Bastard (Myers again). Does the toilet railery go on too long? Yeah, baby, you get it! Being tiresomely infantile is funny too!

And so is selling out. Some stars might balk at product placement; Myers not only puts a Heineken joke in the film ("Get your hands off my Heinie, baby") but toasts the beer in print ads and TV spots. There's also a plug for "Virgin Shaglanitic." *AP2* might not quite equal *The Phantom Menace* at the box office, but it's tops in self- and cross-exploitation.

*AP2* starts out bright and clever—significantly, we might almost say—before sinking into a swamp of shagnation. But one feels like Fat Bastard when pooping on Austin's parade. The film has funny bits, and Myers means no harm. Let him keep dancing on, and let audiences laugh themselves sillier than he is. —R.C.

# Dessert, Anyone?

Thomas Harris' *Hannibal* tracks the evil gourmand through a third course

By PAUL GRAY

**W**HAT IS THERE NOT TO LIKE ABOUT an evil genius with a taste for human sweetbreads and absolutely no morning-after guilt, or indigestion, about slaking his hunger? Particularly, it must be added, when such a monster is securely incarcerated in the dank basement of a Baltimore, Md., mental institution for the rest of his life.

Hence the eerie popular appeal of Dr. Hannibal Lecter, a.k.a. Hannibal the Cannibal, who made his first, cameo appearance in Thomas Harris' vivid thriller *Red Dragon* (1981) and then assumed a more sustained role in the author's *The Silence of the Lambs* (1988). Anthony Hopkins' 1991 Oscar-winning portrayal of Dr. Lecter in the film adaptation of *Silence* gave the fictional character an iconic image: cold blue eyes in a face tightly restrained by a muzzle designed to prevent impulsive nipping of nearby humans.

Lecter, of course, escaped captivity near the end of *Silence*, novel and film, which was not good news for one of the fictional folks who had mistreated him when he was helpless. Another unfortunate consequence of Lecter at large became clear last week, when more than 1½ million copies of Harris' *Hannibal* (Delacorte; 486 pages; \$27.95) hit the display shelves in U.S. bookstores.

Having created a character of unadulterated evil, Harris has now proceeded to adulterate him, giving Lecter a traumatic childhood experience to explain the wicked path he later trod. What is more, Lecter is by no means the worst member of the roiling cast of *Hannibal*; that honor goes to Mason Verger, one of Lecter's two surviving victims, hideously deformed (thanks to Hannibal), heir to his family's meatpacking fortune, a one-

time torturer for Uganda's former dictator Idi Amin, and a child molester to boot.

Verger has posted a \$1 million reward for Lecter's capture and, under the table, offered a \$3 million bounty to anyone who can bring Lecter to him alive, ahead of the FBI agents, including Clarice Starling (played by Oscar-winning Jodie Foster in the *Silence* film), who hope to get the doctor back in custody. Verger wants to watch and enjoy as a specially trained herd of swine slowly eat Lecter alive.

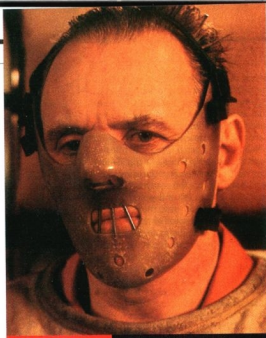
As may be apparent by now, a reader's rooting interest in *Hannibal* is sorely conflicted. Sure, Lecter did some hideous things, but do we really want to see him tortured to death by that creep Verger? For long, long stretches in the middle of the novel, Harris himself seems to be of two minds on that very question. Employing his virtuosity as an orchestrator of suspense, the author puts Lecter, his facial appearance altered by collagen injections, in Florence, Italy, speaking impeccable Italian and lecturing to scholars on the works of Dante. Verger's network of spies has spotted Lecter there and set a trap that he cannot possibly escape. Guess what happens.

So then it's back to Maryland, where Lecter rents a lavish house not terribly far from the modest duplex of FBI special agent Starling, his antagonist/confidant during the period seven years earlier, covered in *Silence*. Verger's people know that Lecter, for complex reasons buried in his own psychoses, wants either to kill Starling or to protect her or, possibly,

madman that he is, to protect her by killing her, and they hit upon a way to use her as bait to draw him to his presumed doom.

The bumpy journey toward the conclusion of *Hannibal* is often exciting. At the top of his form, Harris is the class of the current field of thriller writers, lading out authentic-sounding information on such arcana as weapons ("Yes, I'll have that Harpy, please, and a straight serrated Spyderco with a four-inch blade, and that drop-point skinner at the back") and Swiss bank accounts ("Article 47 of the Bundesgesetz über Banken und Sparkassen"), plus sharp thumbnail portraits of the major players and malefactors and incessant plot surprises.

But *Hannibal* displays a disquieting streak of sadism that Harris' two previous novels involving Lecter largely avoided. In one of his many, rather portentous authorial asides, Harris states, "Now that ceaseless exposure has calloused us to the lewd and the vulgar, it is instructive to see what still seems wicked to us. What still slaps the clammy flab of our submissive consciousness hard enough to get our attention?" If *Hannibal* is the answer, we're in real trouble.



ONSCREEN...

Anthony Hopkins gave Dr. Lecter a (muzzled) film face

KEVIN MAZUR/CORBIS

## ...AND IN PRINT

Lecter is not only a serial killer; he has taken fictional shape as a serial character too. Author Harris, left, discloses fresh insights about his dark creation in each of these macabre thrillers



**RED DRAGON**  
PUBLISHED: 1981  
PORTRAYAL: The doctor appears as a minor character, an incarcerated sideshow to the main event, a hunt for another killer



**THE SILENCE OF THE LAMBS**  
PUBLISHED: 1988  
PORTRAYAL: A bigger role as he helps find a like-minded psychopath, but gets away in the end



**HANNIBAL**  
PUBLISHED: 1999  
PORTRAYAL: The famed carnivorous predator, at liberty at last, becomes the prey of an even more malevolent former victim

# Motown Motormouths

A new generation of white Detroit rappers is scoring Top 10 hits. Should you believe the hype?

By CHRISTOPHER JOHN FARLEY  
ROYAL OAK, MICH.

IN THE GRAND TRADITION OF PUFF Daddy, Kid Rock is sitting at his kitchen table in his small house in Royal Oak, a Detroit suburb, doing what hip-hop moguls are supposed to do: field phone calls. O.K., perhaps it isn't that grand a tradition, and maybe Kid Rock isn't *exactly* a hip-hop mogul yet—but he's certainly making a run at it. His new album, *Devil Without a Cause* (Atlantic/Lava), is in the *Billboard* Top 10. Alongside the messages on his refrigerator door about his six-year-old son Junior's field trips (Kid Rock is a single dad) are notes like FLY TO L.A. FOR LENO/MTV. Supermodels and limo companies are calling, offering their services. Right now he's talking to a recently won-over fan: his mom. "It's [www.kidrock.com](http://www.kidrock.com)," he says, directing her to his website so she can follow his hot career more closely. "There's no space between the *kid* and the rock. One word."

And one city: Detroit. A few years ago, *white rapper* was almost an oxymoron. In the Motor City, however, a kind of groundswell is under way. In the past few weeks Kid Rock, smarty-pants rapper Eminem and the horror-hip-hop duo Insane Clown Posse—all from the Detroit area—have scored Top 10 CDs.

The three acts make music of varying quality. Kid Rock often displays a throbbing power; Eminem is a clever, albeit socially irresponsible, lyricist; and the Insane Clown Posse is just plain malicious and dumb. But all three acts do share some core attributes: they make jagged, angry music, full of violent imagery and snide, snotty humor; and they perform songs that grind and groan like auto plants closing down.

So why is Detroit the breeding ground for this new white-rap sound? In part it's because Detroit has long been a musical city, and today's young perform-

ers are drawing from its legacy. Kid Rock speaks reverently of Motown, Bob Seger and MC5. Insane Clown Posse's terrible new CD, *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers* (Island), has a bit of the macho theatricality of Ted Nugent, mutated into something more violent and antisocial.

Detroit's reputation as a tough, working-class city also gives its perform-



KID ROCK A homeboy with a throbbing mix of hip-hop, metal, country and alternative rock

ers credibility in the rap world. Eminem's bad-boy poses on his album *The Slim Shady LP* (Aftermath/Interscope) seem more believable because he hails from the Detroit area rather than, say, Palo Alto, Calif.

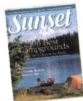
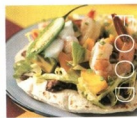
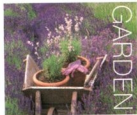
Kid Rock, 27, is the most promising of the crew. The son of a car-dealer dad and a homemaker mom, Kid Rock (a.k.a. Bob Ritchie) was signed by Jive Records a decade ago but was dropped in the early '90s, around the time Vanilla Ice caused white hip-hop to be seen as something of a joke and almost all white rappers to be viewed as suspect. Kid Rock had to beg his skeptical father for a loan to put out an indie record (he has his

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## MUSIC

own small label, Top Dog). At a local record signing early in his career, Kid Rock was challenged by a young Marshall Mathers—who would eventually become Eminem—to a battle rap. (He declined.) Kid Rock eventually signed with Atlantic/Lava. MTV embraced *Devil Without a Cause*, and he soon found himself trying on swimsuits with Rebecca Romijn-Stamos on *House of Style*.

There is a fear in hip-hop that white rappers will displace more talented black performers. Says Kris Kelley, music director for the Detroit radio station WJLB: "Eminem, Kid Rock and Insane Clown Posse are good rappers, but you could probably comb the nation and find 500 black rappers just as talented."

Kid Rock admits that now that he's a star, he gets more attention because he's white. However, he argues, his color was an impediment when he was an unknown looking for respect. "There's no way to deny you do get a whole lot more support just for being white," he says. "I'm not saying whether it's right or wrong. But the climb [to the top] is twice as hard." Still, the specter of rock-'n'-roll's shift in the '50s from black to white haunts hip-hop.

In a garage practice space a short trip from Kid Rock's house (he drives his secondhand Cadillac to get there), the rising star holds a rehearsal with his band. A few days later he appears on *The 1999 MTV Movie Awards* and delivers a wildly invigorating performance of his rap-metal single, *Bawitdaba*. Swagging onto the stage, Kid Rock grabs a mike offered to him by Joe C. (a 3-ft. 9-in. rapper who works as his back-up) and screams, "My name is Kiiiiiiiid ... Rock!" If he has his way, not long from now he won't need an introduction. ■



**INSANE CLOWN POSSE**  
Dumb duo hiding behind macho theatricality



**EMINEM** A smarty-pants whose lyrics are clever, albeit socially incorrect





**HEART AND SOUL:** Showing off unexpected gusts of passion

## Fine Reflections

Sarah McLachlan's old songs find new life in *Mirrorball*

COMING ON THE EVE OF THE FINAL Lilith Fair, the all-female concert tour that Sarah McLachlan brought to life two summers ago, her *Mirrorball* (Arista) marks one of the most exciting and fruitful periods for female singer-songwriters since Laura Nyro and Carole King lit up concert halls in the late '60s and early '70s. Much of the excitement has hovered around Lilith itself, which boosted once underrated talents like Lucinda Williams and Shawn Colvin. But the soul of the new female pop machine is surely McLachlan, whose tunes have gained the kind of prom-night, dorm-room and beach-blanket popularity that shows people have woven her music into their lives.

The 14 cuts on *Mirrorball* are drawn from McLachlan's earlier albums, and were recorded live on her spring solo tour. Some of the songs—like the love-racked *Path of Thorns*, from her 1991

CD, *Solace*—acquire a spacious, cathedral-like grandeur when performed live with her solo piano. McLachlan's canvas has always been the lovelorn and the obsessed, and her palette, the primary colors of human passions. *Mirrorball* chronicles her gathering skill at capturing emotional truths. "Emotions are fabulous," McLachlan explains, relaxing in a Manhattan hotel room last week. "I love them because they feed you. You learn so much about yourself, whether you're in a deep sadness or extreme elation. I enjoy those kinds of extremes because I feel as if I'm most alive at those points."

The heart of *Mirrorball* is drawn from her breakthrough 1994 album, *Fumbling Towards Ecstasy*. McLachlan's studio voice has a serene balance, like a sailboat on still water; live, she unleashes turbulent gusts of feeling. Her new versions of *Hold On*, about losing a friend to AIDS, and *Possession*, about a controlling

lover, reveal glimmers of rage that her studio albums only hint at. From her biggest album, 1997's *Surfacing*, the ode to love gone bad, *Do What You Have to Do* (which popped up in the Starr report when a certain intern's jottings to the President cited it as her fave), becomes a taut wire of despair as its restless, searching piano line plays off the icy clarity of her lyrics: "What ravages of spirit conjured/ this tempestuous rage/ created you a monster/ broken by the rules of love."

After this summer's Lilith tour, McLachlan plans to take a break for a year or two to recharge her batteries at home near Vancouver and embark on a trek across India with her husband, drummer Ashwin Sood. "It makes sense to call this the last Lilith," she says. "It's incredibly rewarding to be part of something that is gaining women recognition, but it's also a huge amount of work."

And too, she wants to devote time to another kind of creativity. "Some of us in our 30s want to have children, and we all realize that it's Lilith or kids. Can't do both." Sounds like fine material for a post-Lilith album. —By David E. Thigpen

**"Emotions are fabulous ... I feel as if I'm most alive at those points."**



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# Youth Will Be Served

Charlotte Church is classical's new teen queen

**F**ORGET CECILIA BARTOLI. THE HOTTEST female name in classical music right this second is a perky little

Welsh soprano named Charlotte Church. Her first CD, *Voice of an Angel* (Sony Classical), went double platinum in Britain and rose to No. 4 on the U.K. pop charts. In recent weeks she's been seen in the U.S. on *The Rosie O'Donnell Show* and *Late Show with David Letterman*. Her summer schedule includes pledge-drive appearances on public-TV stations across the country and a June 14 benefit performance at Ford's Theatre in Washington that President Clinton was expected to attend (she has already sung for the Pope). Her dream, she says, is to sing *Madama Butterfly* at La Scala, and she's just about the right age for it. Puccini's doomed heroine was 15 years old; Church is 13.

Her appeal is easy enough to understand. Audiences love child prodigies, and record-company executives love them even more—especially when they act like ordinary kids, not prematurely serious artist-nerds. That's Church all over: a cheerful talk-show guest, she admits to being a fan of Puff Daddy's and Celine Dion's. Even better, she has the kind of I'm-no-snob demeanor that goes over spectacularly well in class-obsessed Britain, where artists who have (or can simulate) the common touch can count on being boosted by the down-market tabloids. That too is Church all over—her mother manages a public housing project in Cardiff—and it helps explain why the TV "chat shows" took up the young singer and gave her a start, thereby bringing her to the attention of Sony execs.

Still, her relentlessly bubbly persona may not have the same effect on American record buyers. Wholesome is hot these days—look at Ricky Martin or Britney Spears—but *Voice of an Angel* may prove a harder sell, consisting as it does of wishy-washy arrangements of hymns and Celtic folk songs, with Andrew Lloyd

Webber's easy-listening setting of *Pie Jesu* thrown in for bad measure. Sony Classical, which is devoting a steadily increasing share of its energies to such lowbrow crossover projects as Michael Bolton's *My Secret Passion: The Arias* and the *Titanic* sound track, is promoting the CD aggressively (Church is sharing space with Mariah Carey on some New York City record-store posters). To date,



though, *Voice of an Angel* has yet to rise above No. 28 on the U.S. pop charts.

As for her singing, it's good enough, though no better than that. She sounds like a reasonably talented boy soprano who accidentally swallowed half a tab of human growth hormone. Alas, even the most mature-sounding teenage voices are too physically fragile to stand up to ruthless exploitation, and Church's is already afflicted with a wobbly vibrato that has TOO MUCH, TOO SOON stamped all over it. If she continues to pump it out night after night, the only place she'll be singing Cio-Cio-San is in the shower.

—By Terry Teachout

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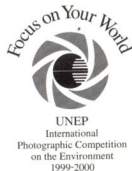
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#### 3. The UNEP Executive Director's Special Prize

#### 4. The Canon Special Prize

#### 5. The International Photographic Council Scholarship

#### 6. The Digital Camera Special Prize

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# Canon

# SHORT TAKES

## BOOKS

**WHITE OLEANDER** By Janet Fitch The title flower triggers a savage turn of events when the poet Ingrid Magnusson poisons her lover, consigning herself to a jail life and her 12-year-old daughter to Los Angeles' foster-care system. Young Astrid gets off to a shaky start at the home of a born-again Christian who shoots her in a fit of righteous jealousy. She survives that, though, as well as prison notes from her mother, which include sentiments like this: "Sometimes I wish you were dead, so I would know you were safe." Fitch tends to get lost in the lyricism of her prose, but there are satisfying moments of clarity in this ambitious debut novel. —By Nadya Labi

**THE HAIRSTONS: AN AMERICAN FAMILY IN BLACK AND WHITE** By Henry Wiencek Wiencek tracks the postbellum rise of the black Hairstons against the decline of their former masters, once among the largest slaveholding families in the South. The central narrative unravels the 150-year-old mystery of a lost child, a story as brutal and romantic as anything by Faulkner. cns is turning the book into a mini-series, but there are enough remarkable tales here for 10. A moving storyteller, Wiencek largely resists the temptation to moralize. Not since *Mary Chesnut's Civil War* has non-fiction about the South been as compelling as fiction. —By Virginia Donelson

## DANCE

**PUSH COMES TO SHOVE** American Ballet Theatre Now that the middle-aged Mikhail Baryshnikov has retrofitted himself as a modern dancer, what young hotshot is going to fill his ballet slippers? A.B.T.'s Ethan Stiefel debuted in the Baryshnikov role of Twyla Tharp's *Push Comes to Shove* in New York City last week, giving a performance

that had the stylistic curiosity, the eye-grabbing virtuosity—everything, in fact, but Misha's sly wit. There will never, ever be another Baryshnikov, but Stiefel, 26, is well on his way to becoming the great American male ballet dancer of his generation. —By Terry Teachout

## MUSIC

**CALIFORNICATION** Red Hot Chili Peppers This funk-rap-rock band has long seemed an episode of VH1's *Behind the Music* waiting to happen. The group's original guitarist, Hillel Slovak, died of a heroin overdose; the replacement guitarist, John Frusciante, left the band and battled drug problems; a replacement replacement guitarist, Dave Navarro, departed too. Now, on the group's latest CD, Frusciante returns. Unfortunately, the ending to this story isn't a completely happy one. A couple of the songs here are entertainingly muscular, but others might have been best left as bonus tracks on CD singles. The album title is kind of funny, however. —By Christopher John Farley

## CINEMA

**AN IDEAL HUSBAND** Directed by Oliver Parker Oscar Wilde's second-best play, about a politician threatened with scandal, was in love with its own verbal dazzle and even more with the frailties of the



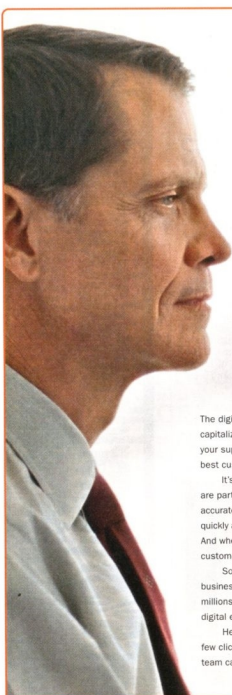
clever folk at its heart. Adapter Parker, content to skate on the cool, hard surface of Wilde's wit, gets suave turns from Jeremy Northam (right) as the pol, Cate Blanchett (left) as his naive wife, Rupert Everett as a drawing best friend and Julianne Moore as the blackmail. He also retains enough of Wilde's wit that you may want to reach for your Epigramamine. But the plot is trashed, the emotions trivialized into attitudes, the acting eventually music-hall broad. An ideal play is degraded into an indolent film. —By Richard Corliss

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TIME SELECT FAMILY TRAVEL

# "ARE WE THERE YET?"

Getting there is seldom the fun part of the annual family holiday jaunt. But it need not be that way. Here are some TIME-tested tips—not only for surviving but for thriving on the highway with a carload of your kids

By EUGENIE ALLEN

**T**HIS SUMMER, TENS OF MILLIONS OF AMERICAN PARENTS will brave the age-old hazards of traveling with children: roadside diaper changes, backseat imbroglios, teenagers who would rather be anywhere else—especially since the dog just had an accident behind the cooler. According to Meredith Corp.'s *Family Vacation Travel Report*, about 20% of traveling parents will borrow even more trouble by including grandparents in the family vacation, while others will join the growing trend of squeezing extra mileage out of business

Photography by Chip Simons for TIME



whining and bathroom humor. Fortunately, companies like Klutz and Rand McNally make great travel games and activity books to help you provide just that. For teenagers, a little autonomy goes a long way: for instance, you might let them share the driving or bring an especially well-behaved friend. And while age-appropriate planning is all well and good, if you have more than one child, you already know that when you hit the road, the

youngest rules while the rest regress.

trips by bringing the

kids along. Says a road-weary mom: "Sometimes it takes so much effort to get where we're going that it's more like a change of venue than a vacation." But it doesn't have to be that way. This summer, thanks to a raft of online advice, kid-centered guidebooks and nifty new products, taking the kids is easier than it's ever been. Consider adopting some of these tips on how to make your family vacation a dream—or at least not a nightmare.

#### THINK OF THE CHILDREN

Of course you want to get your money's worth (at an average daily cost of \$213, according to AAA, food and lodging for a family of four ain't cheap), but overplanning can backfire. "Before you worry about any of the logistics, you need to remember that this is special time with your kids," says Candye Stapen, author of the *Great Family Vacations* series. "It's not about seeing every Civil War battlefield; it's about being together as a family."

To that hallowed end, it's your job to provide your kids with so much food, fun and comfort that they'll have nothing (much) to complain about. As long as you pack the contents of the toy chest, a stroller, booster seat, white-noise machine and night light, it's easy to placate babies and very young children, who are highly portable and often refreshingly inarticulate. Five-to-12-year-olds, on the other hand, require distraction from their two main travel pastimes:

#### PACK IT UP

What to bring is up to you—or your kids, or a shaky consensus reached 10 minutes before you're supposed to leave. But here's *how* to bring it. Even if most of the family's gear is jumbled in communal suitcases, each child needs her own bag for toys, games, books and personal items. If you're flying, each family member also needs 24 hours' worth of clothing, toiletries and snacks in carry-on bags, in case the unthinkable happens. Yes, it's a lot to carry, but kids make excellent porters. Kyle McCarthy, editor of *Family Travel Forum*, an online newsletter, says anyone over age four can handle a bulging backpack plus a kid-size rolling suitcase (Fisher-Price and Kelty K.I.D.S. make nice ones). And even two-year-olds can manage a fanny pack around the waist. To keep suitcases neat, pack complete outfits in tidy bundles or zippered plastic bags,

which can be reused for wet bathing suits or messy souvenirs.

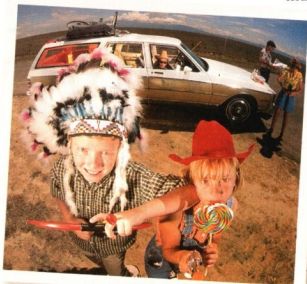
#### DRIVE SMART

Since the vacation begins the minute you pull out of the driveway, a smooth start sets the tone for the rest of trip. Most pros recommend leaving first thing in the morning or at nap time and taking side roads whenever possible in order to avoid traffic. You might even break up a full day's drive by leaving right after an early dinner, stopping at a hotel at a reasonable hour and driving the next morning to arrive, well rested, around midday. But unless you're headed for relatives who will help you recover or you're too sleep-deprived to care anymore, don't leave with a baby at bedtime and drive, like a fiend, through the night. According to McCarthy, "The baby figures out that a lot is happening, so she may try to stay awake in the car. Or she may wake up when you arrive at 4 a.m.—and stay awake." (Older children are equally capable of this cruel stunt.)

No matter when you start, you need to stop every couple of hours—in search of a bathroom, a meal, your sanity. If you're not in a rush, these pit stops can be part of the fun. One family of five begins every vacation at the same roadside burger joint, barely an hour from home. Another couple pull over whenever their son gets restless, crank up the car stereo, open all the car doors and play a manic version of musical chairs. You could even consult a wacky road-trip manual for mini-destinations on the way to your real getaway. Two fun ones are Tom Snyder's *The Route 66 Traveler's Guide* (St. Martin's Press; 1995) and *Fodor's Ballpark Vacations*, by Bruce Adams and Margaret Engel (Random House; 1997). Finally, postpone the ritual trashing of the car by emptying garbage bags at every stop.

#### FLY RIGHT

You may not be able to choose exactly when to fly, but you can pick an airline based on its family-friendliness. For instance, to find out about on-board changing facilities or kids' meals and amenities, check out the "Travel with a Young Child" section of *babycenter.com*, and confirm those details when booking your flight. Sitting *en famille* isn't necessarily best: Chris Pepe, a mother of two from Brooklyn, N.Y., likes to reserve one seat by itself so she and her husband can take turns being alone. And don't rule out





## TRAVEL

connecting flights. Suzy Brag, who lives in California and often takes her two young daughters to visit family in Connecticut, flies nonstop to save time. But her sister, Linda Ducruet, prefers connecting flights so she can let her two kids eat and run around in the airport.

Finally, if you do get stuck somewhere, remember: your kids take their cues from you, and your good mood is just as contagious as your bad one. For instance, the Wakefield family of Seattle is going to Disney World this year, in part because of their good humor in the face of flight delays on their vacation last year. "We sat on the floor at the airport in Salt Lake City for hours, playing Uno," says dad Joel, "and when Delta finally asked for volunteers to be bumped, we were first in line. We got round-trip tickets to Orlando to make up for the hassle, but the kids didn't care. They were having a great time."

### KEEP THE PEACE

If you're traveling by plane, the pressure of being in public may be enough to quell quarrels among siblings; if it isn't, you can always trade seats with one of them. Unfortunately, there's no stigma attached to brawling in the car, and there's less room for rearranging bodies. (The safest place for any child 12 or under is in the backseat, with the proper safety restraint.) Candace Stappen has resorted to masking tape to stake out territory for her two kids, but pillows and rolled-up sleeping bags work too.

Even if the kids don't touch each other, they can still annoy each other—and you. Caroline Keenes, a Virginia mother of two, forestalls battles over the car's air temperature by insisting that everyone wear the



same number of layers, and music choices must be unanimous. But she also knows she can only do so much. "If you remove the arguments altogether," she says, "they don't have any way of learning how to negotiate." When the bickering is truly unbearable, don't attempt your dad's brand of auto discipline, circa 1965: steering with your left hand while swatting blindly in the vicinity of your children with your right. It's far safer—and less hilarious to the kids—simply to pull over and force a peace agreement at 0 m.p.h.

### EAT UP

You've gotta eat, but what'll it be? Since Dad's a chef, the Baylis family of Tarrytown, N.Y., plans road trips around fun restaurants—for more on this delicious strategy, see *Eat Your Way Across the U.S.A.*, by Jane and Michael Stern (Broadway Books; 1999). The Keenes, on the other hand, head for the salad bar at the nearest grocery store. Then there's the ham-sandwiches-in-the-cooler option. What-

ever you choose, make sure there's plenty of it: in the words of one road hog, "If we ate as much at home as we eat on vacation, we'd all weigh 500 lbs." And don't forget the snacks, in the car or on the plane: string cheese, dried fruit, cookies and crackers, fruit snacks, carrot and celery sticks, granola bars, trail mix and lots of juice and bottled water. If you're sick of hearing "Hey, she got more than me!", give each child a day's worth of rations in the morning. Says Brian Beihl, founder of *Family on Board*, a catalog of family-travel products (800-793-2075): "That way, everyone gets the same amount, so there's no squabbling. And if you're driving alone, it's much easier than doling things out one at a time."

### SICK IN TRANSIT

Even if your child is the picture of health when you leave home, traveling can make him ill, and romping in new surroundings can lead to minor injuries, so pack common medications plus a first-aid kit, and have both within easy reach in the car or on the plane. If your child takes medication regularly, bring more than you think she'll need, and carry a prescription to be filled on the road if necessary. If she's prone to motion sickness, those zippered bags come in handy. While some major hotel chains offer childproofing kits (among them: Radisson, Ritz-Carlton and Westin hotels), it's always a good idea to throw a few outlet plugs and cabinet locks in your luggage. (Caution: if your child's friend is along for the ride, bring a copy of his insurance card plus two notarized documents—a letter

### HELPFUL BOOKS

- *Great Family Vacations* series, Candace Stappen (Globe Pequot Press; 1997). At-a-glance guides to four regions of the U.S., with tips on hotels, restaurants, special events, even local playgrounds
- *Have Kid, Will Travel*, Claire Tristram (Andrews McMeel Publishing; 1997). Nice sensibility, but almost too thorough at times (see "15 questions to ask a restaurant before you make a reservation"). Most appealing to overworked first-time parents
- *Outside Magazine's Guide to Family Vacations* (Macmillan General Reference; 1997). Destination-oriented, but still

stocked with plenty of good tips and fun activities

- *Simplify Family Travel*, Christine Loomis (Reader's Digest; 1998). The best book of its kind, covering a broad range of topics, from budgeting to packing clearly and calmly, with plenty of work sheets and checklists

### SUPER TRAVEL SITES

- [about.com](http://about.com) (formerly [minigo.com](http://minigo.com)): lots of great links to travel products and experts
- [babycenter.com](http://babycenter.com): clean graphics plus great advice
- [family.go.com](http://family.go.com): if you can see past the

clutter in this corner of the Disney website, you'll find useful articles from *FamilyFun* magazine

- [familyonboard.com](http://familyonboard.com): a well-edited catalog of family-travel products, from carport carriers to travel toys
- [familytravelforum.com](http://familytravelforum.com): in-depth online newsletter, but some of the information is for paying subscribers only
- [previustravel.com](http://previustravel.com): great safety tips for parents on the go
- [randmccnally.com](http://randmccnally.com): "Parents' Corner" offers a good overview; updates on highway work are a must-read for motorists
- [tstrip.com](http://tstrip.com): features airport maps and store directories

## TIME SELECT

permitting him to travel with you and a medical-release form.)

### STAY SAFE

You may want to consider giving your children ID cards with medical and hotel information plus emergency contact numbers in case anyone in your party gets injured or lost. (Babies' and toddlers' cards can be attached to car seats and strollers.) While some experts insist that ID cards can help kids find their way back to safety, others caution that such information can give families a false sense of security, and in the wrong hands, could do more harm than good. Whatever you decide, it's critical to orient your child to each new location along your route, brief him on what to do if he gets separated, and work hard to keep that from happening. To spot one another in a crowd, families can wear similar shirts or hats. Some resort to "leashes" to keep their toddlers close. Just in case, carry a recent photo of your child, and be prepared to provide an exact description, including height, weight and clothing.

### SAVOR THE SPONTANEOUS

One of the great frustrations of traveling with children—the unpredictability of it all—can also be its greatest pleasure. For instance, to protect the beige carpeting in a hotel room they stayed in a few years back, Heather Rosett and her husband Charles let their two young sons eat pizza in the bathtub; that desperate measure is now de rigueur on all their family trips. On a business trip to New York City, Candace Stapen took her daughter to the Metropolitan Museum of Art to see an exhibit of Impressionist paintings but wound up, at her daughter's insistence, counting the dogs in 18th and 19th century hunt scenes instead. "It wasn't what I had planned, but it was wonderful," she says. And one weathered traveler has been pleasantly surprised when her two teenagers have brought friends along on vacation: "If I eavesdrop, I can find out what's really going on in my kids' lives. Plus, they treat me a lot better when there's a witness around."

### THEY'RE WATCHING YOUR BACK

Long after they've grown up, your kids will recall the view from the backseat—the way you laugh at their knock-knock jokes, the promise of a treat at the next rest stop, your willingness to tell one more story about that horse Dixie, his owner Mary Beth and all their animal friends on the farm in Tennessee. So whether you're headed for a nearby campground or a five-star resort, you owe it to your place in posterity to make getting there as much fun as being there. Bon voyage!



**READY TO GO:**  
The O'Malleys hit  
the road in their  
customized van

# THE EASY RIDERS

How one family (the writer's) exploits technology to keep the peace on its annual summertime trek

By CHRIS O'MALLEY

**I**T'S DRIVE TIME AT THE O'MALLEY household. About now, perhaps as you're reading this, my wife Nancy and I are in the van heading north on I-95 with our three children (ages 3 to 10) on our annual trek to Grandma's house in New Jersey—a kiddie cosmos away from our home in South Florida. And we won't stop there. Gluttons for punishment...er, family togetherness, we'll soon

leave Grandma's and head for the White Mountains of New Hampshire and the rocky coast of Maine. And we love it. Except for the parts we don't.

For parents like us with demanding full-time jobs that often consume days and evenings—Nancy is an elementary-school teacher and I write (but usually about somebody else)—the annual drive can be an especially rewarding opportunity to spend some captive-audience time with our kids. It



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## VANTASTIC

Some of the many possible features of a conversion van ...



Source: Explorer Van Co.

TIME Graphics by Ed Golan

can also be a challenging time, as most parents know too well ("We there yet?" "He's touching me!"). For reasons I don't fully comprehend, since I'm not fond of driving and do all of it, I actually look forward to this two-day, 1,300-mile sojourn. Perhaps it's simply a change of pace from my frequent-flyer life-style. For Nancy, who doesn't travel much, I suspect it's a refreshing combination of getting out of the house/classroom or maybe the sustained euphoria from school's being out for the summer.

Euphoria, of course, is a fleeting thing for a family of five locked inside a speeding vehicle (for the record, always within posted state limits). And like most families, we are a diverse group. Our eldest, Emily, is blissfully inclined toward reading, crafting and almost any do-it-yourself project. Six-year-old Zack is apt to need outward stimulation—like playing arena football in the car. And Abby, our toddler in tow, is still of an age when keeping the eyes busy and the stomach full is the best you can reasonably hope for when sleep won't come.

So we have the familiar characters, ready to play out their traditional

family road-trip roles. But we have something that significantly alters the plot: a technology-laden vehicle, in which, for hours at a time, our kids can forget they're traveling at all. Rather than opt for another minivan or sport-utility vehicle when we went car shopping a couple of years ago, we followed the lead of a neighbor (who drives to Connecticut every summer) and bought a luxury liner, better known as a conversion van, custom-outfitted for long road trips. Among its many perks: two stereos, a TV and a VCR.

Our GMC Savana is bigger than a Chevy Suburban but smaller than a Win-

nebago, and there's nothing mini about it—especially since the Explorer Van conversion company got through with it. It's a full-size van with a raised roof so you can easily move about the wood-clad cabin. Its sheer size gives you an enviable advantage over just about anything else on the road—personal space. Its two rows of captain's chairs and a rear bench seat mean the kids are rarely within reach of one another. Which, of course, is how sibling love flourishes on lengthy excursions.

Then there's the audio-video setup I like to call our car theater. With a TV and VCR perched above the roomy passenger area,

the stage is set to keep our crew merrily mesmerized for hours. It's rare that you can pick up a decent TV signal in a moving vehicle, but videos look as clear as they do at home. That's probably a good thing, since we're necessarily in full control of what they watch. We supplement a small library of store-bought videos (including a few never-before-seen titles to ensure maximum attention) with movies and programs recorded from TV. This year, prior to departure, we taped Abby's morning tube routine (Barney, Arthur, Blue's Clues, etc.) to



"ARE WE THERE ALREADY?" The O'Malleys are in no rush to leave the van



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- Step 3: Print on good quality paper like HP Glossy Greeting Card Paper and follow the assembly instructions.

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get her off on the right traveling foot each morning. Ditto for the elder kids' video faves, which tend to be less enlightening fare (though *Flubber* has much to teach us about physics, no?).

**A**T FIRST, HAVING THE kids watch TV for hours in the car felt a little bit like cheating—but only a little, and not for long. Much as we'd like to believe our children would be content for hours reading the abridged *Jane Eyre*, nothing keeps them in good spirits the way some not-so-classic kid vid does. And our results speak for themselves. For successive summers, we've trekked nearly the entire Eastern seaboard with three small children and exactly zero major fighting or crying episodes (not counting Dad's getting stuck in D.C. traffic).

Our mobile-entertainment center will give us some other options to pursue as the kids get older too. It's got room for a Nintendo system, which I've resisted even at home in favor of allegedly more thought-provoking computer games, and a second stereo system in the rear so that the relentless strains of 'N-syn won't drive the old folks up front 'N-sane. Happily, there's a headphone jack near every seat for music and games as well as TV. On this trip, all passengers will be issued a pair of headphones as they enter the van to minimize the chance that Dad might rip Barney and his chirpy friends from the vcr and toss them into Chesapeake Bay.

Such creature comforts aren't cheap.

**“At first having the kids watch TV for hours in the car felt a little bit like cheating—but only a little, and not for long.”**

Our van cost about \$35,000 and has a Big Gulp thirst for gas. But since posh minivans and sport-utility vehicles were dragging us into that price zone anyway, we tacked another year onto the loan and got the full deal, including a built-in cooler (great for cold drinks) and leather seats (great for when you spill cold drinks) and haven't regretted the decision for a minute.

We don't rely entirely on our vehicle's hardware, however. In addition to frequent rations (steadfastly inverting the FDA nutrition pyramid), Nancy employs a clever bag of goodies to keep the peace.



**MANY HAPPY RETURNS:** Dad, Mom, Emily, Zack and little Abby can still smile after 3,000 miles

About a month before our trip, she begins collecting small toys and games—a deck of cards here, a cache of toy soldiers there—and wraps them as presents to dole out whenever backseat warfare appears imminent. We're going retro this year with Viewmaster reels, portable Parchesi, Mr. Potato Head and other childhood relics that our digitized kids find oddly intriguing.

Which is not to say we aren't eager to put our travels in neutral once in a while. I confess I'm not (yet) the adventuresome

bulk of our family vacation. Since we breathe only conditioned air during the summer in Florida, the biking and hiking and swimming and antiquing up north provide a refreshing antidote for us all. We've found that splitting up now and then can make for a better family holiday. Dad and the older kids revisited a mountaintop last summer, for example, while Mom and toddler opted for the lake. This year Nancy would like to do more outlet shopping, a sure way to get me to volunteer to take charge of the kids.

As much as is practical, we try to give the kids a voice in what we do, especially now that Emily can read a map. Invariably, that includes amusement parks like Storyland and Clark's Trading Post in and around New Hampshire's White Mountain National Forest. Given the chance, though, they opt for some of the more natural wonders of the region. Not surprisingly, they seem to take extra enjoyment from outings of their own choosing; at least they can't whine about being dragged there.

As for me, merely sitting on the back porch at night and being serenaded by the babbling stream adjacent to our rustic rental seems reward enough for endowing the kids with a summertime to remember. Provided, of course, that I don't think about the long ride home.

sort of Dad who delights in the detours of his family vacation. But I'm learning. Last year we stopped in Virginia to see relatives, the year before in Savannah, Ga., to explore its charms. This year we'll take the time on Day Two to putter about the nation's capital for an afternoon, in part to prove to Emily and Zack that important documents existed before inkjet printers. And Nancy and I will sneak away to Manhattan for a night. (It's important to give the grandparents some quality time chasing the children.)

But it's our two-week "cooling-off period" in New England that constitutes the



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# The Lice Breakers

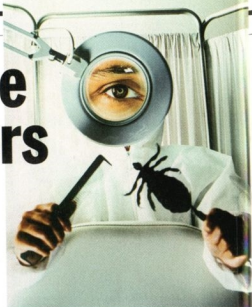
In the end, only hard work and a hands-on search get rid of these little suckers

By **ARNOLD MANN**

**J**ULIE KARP DOESN'T KNOW how the little bloodsuckers got into her three-year-old daughter's hair. None of the other kids at Michelle's preschool had them. Maybe it was at the movie theater, or from the airplane seat on their trip to Indiana a couple of weeks earlier. Her husband was the first to notice the tiny dark specks, then the larger crawling ones. "I treated her with Nix, and I've been picking stuff out and vacuuming and cleaning ever since," Karp says. "Now I'm here."

"Here" is Lice Source Services in Plantation, Fla., where, at \$85 for a two-hour session, Karp, from nearby Boca Raton, and other parents come and consign the lice to Lidia Serrano and her team of nit-picking nurses. With four treatment rooms and a lab for testing the killing times of products, Serrano and her staff know as much as anyone about getting rid of head lice. It is all they do.

While Michelle sits quietly, watching cartoons, nurse Edith Engel, wearing disposable white coveralls, divides the child's hair into sections and examines each blond strand under the fluorescent magnifying lamp, hunting down everything the nit comb missed. This job will take two hours; heavier infestations take as long as six hours. "It's something you have to do," says Serrano, who has found bugs in her



**IT'S A LOUSY JOB, but somebody's got to nitpick**

own hair twice since she opened a year ago. "We check each other every day."

The tedious task of nitpicking seems oddly out of date in an age when modern medicine has made so many gains against maladies far more serious than lice. Why, 20 years ago, a bottle of Kwell, a hot dryer and a good cleaning did the job. But today's louse, a.k.a. *Pediculus humanus capitis*, which nests in 12 million new heads annually, is a harder bug, having grown resistant to the prescription drugs lindane and Elimite and the over-the-counter permethrin drug Nix, which remain imperfect mainstays in the treatment of lice. "The pyrethrins [RID, Pronto and A-200 Pyrinat] aren't working as well as they used to either," says University of Miami lice expert Terri Meinking. Such insecticide products all have side effects. And none are 100% ovoidal, which doesn't cut it with today's "no-nit" policy in schools. Some parents have taken to dousing their kids' heads with kerosene, which is both highly dangerous and futile. "Another hot item," says Meinking, "is Front Line—the stuff they put on dogs for fleas."

Not only are the conventional dousing drugs less efficient, researchers say, but they can also engender maddening side effects, like the "lindane crazies": a

### RESOURCES

Got a lice problem? These places offer advice and/or nit-removal services. Or check your local directory under "Lice."

■ **HEAD LICE RESOURCE TEAM**  
Portland, Ore.  
503-736-6157

■ **HEALTHY START**  
Los Angeles  
323-357-1389

■ **LICENDERS**  
New York City  
212-829-0750

■ **LICE SOURCE SERVICES**  
Plantation, Fla.  
954-791-0711  
[www.licessource.com](http://www.licessource.com)

■ **NURSE OF THE DAY SERVICES**  
Marion County Department of Health  
Indianapolis, Ind.  
317-221-2366

drug-induced syndrome that isn't in the medical literature but is nonetheless real for its victims. "They come in with things taped to little pieces of paper," Serrano says. "It's just bits of cotton or lint. They say, 'I feel them right here,' but there's nothing. When you ask them what they've been using, they say, 'I've been using lindane for the past six months.'"

Lindane can damage the nerves in the scalp, resulting in biting and stinging sensations "that you don't get with head lice," says Meinking. In extreme cases, the feeling of infestation precipitates paranoia and delusions. Some describe bugs crawling out of their skin; others wind up fumigating their homes. "It's a vicious cycle," Meinking says. "The more infested they feel, the more lindane they use."

Fortunately, pesticides aren't the only way to go. Serrano uses "only natural products," such as HairClean 1-2-3, Not Lice to Lice and Lice Be Gone, all available in health-food stores. Made of various enzymes and oils, these "delpidizing" agents kill lice by breaking down their cuticles, or outer shells. But because they don't kill all the eggs, you still have to repeat the application. They are, however, nontoxic, says Meinking, and they're proving to be just as fast as—or faster than—the pesticides at killing lice. Meinking recently completed an FDA study using HairClean 1-2-3 and, with the help of Serrano's nitpickers, is now using the stuff to clean up entire schools.

For the record, lice don't fly or jump. It takes direct contact with an infested person or object to get them, and a good nit comb to get rid of them (Serrano swears by the National Pediculosis Association's Lice-Meister), plus hands-on follow-up. "Here," Serrano says, picking out a single blond strand with a barely visible oval nit. "You can't get that out with the comb. You have to clip it out. Now go wash your hands."

In the long run, it all comes back to the nitpicking—and knowing the enemy. Adult females lay their eggs close to the scalp. When they hatch, 10 days later, the nearly transparent nymphs attach themselves to the scalp, where a nit comb can't get them. The only way to remove the nymphs, Serrano says, is by "sweeping them out with a nylon brush." Use a magnifying lamp, but know that lice are fast and they don't like light. "They shy away from it," Serrano says. "They can go back and forth, laying eggs, so you have to go back and double-check your work."

And check checking—every day—for any nits or newly hatched nymphs. Wash everything, and vacuum and check everyone, until there's nothing left of them. "Anyone can do it," Serrano insists. "Would you like us to check you before you leave?"

## They're All About Family

A safety manual, an ethics primer for kids, an unusual family album and a guide for adults who want to share



**PROTECTING THE GIFT: KEEPING CHILDREN AND TEENAGERS SAFE (AND PARENTS SANE)** By Gavin de Becker (Dial Press) Trust your intuition. That's the message from De Becker, who advises the rich and famous from Hollywood to Washington on security matters. But parents don't need to be celebrities to benefit from his sage counsel. De Becker's book gives families million-dollar advice for \$22.95. If a baby sitter makes you uneasy, writes De Becker, listen to your inner voice. Pay heed if your child is uncomfortable around a particular adult. Make careful choices about the people you include in your child's life. Remember: the issue is not strangers but strangeness. De Becker empowers parents to best protect their children from unsafe day-care centers and schools, as well as sexual predators. "As you understand how intuition helps protect your children, you'll react to smoke and not wait for fire," says De Becker. There's not a parent who wouldn't benefit from reading this wise book.

—By Andrea Sachs

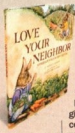
**LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR: STORIES OF VALUES AND VIRTUES** By Arthur Dobrin (Scholastic) Two zebras from rival herds overcome prejudice by falling in love. A tiny gerbil helps a couple of ostriches harvest a giant beet. Strength of character, rather than muscle, enables the heroes of this cozy collection of children's stories to perform amazing feats of kindness, understanding and cooperation. The text, written by a clergyman, refrains from preaching, and the illustrations by Jacqueline Rogers are sweet but not saccharine. Each of the 13 moral tales ends with a question, providing a natural segue to discussion. The book is targeted at children ages 4 to 8, but parents and older kids will also enjoy these refreshing, often thought-provoking little fables.

—By Megan Rutherford

**LOVE MAKES A FAMILY: PORTRAITS OF LESBIAN, GAY, BISEXUAL, AND TRANSGENDER PARENTS AND THEIR FAMILIES** Photographs by Gigi Kaiser, edited by Peggy Gillespie (University of Massachusetts Press) In most respects, these are ordinary fami-

lies. "Our family life is a very traditional American one," says Doug Robinson, a member of one of the families, "—early morning getting up, eating breakfast, getting dressed, making sure everyone has matching socks, getting the boys off to school and then going to work." But these families face a unique daily challenge: the intolerance of colleagues, relatives, neighbors and classmates. In this remarkable family album of photographs and interviews, nonheterosexual parents and their children reveal the hardships and joys of being different. In many cases, struggle brings its own rewards. Says Judith Stevenson: "We live in a kind of family that isn't shown very often on television or spoken about in Sunday schools. Our children grow up knowing that it's O.K. to be different, and I can't help but believe that this knowledge makes them better people."

—M.R.



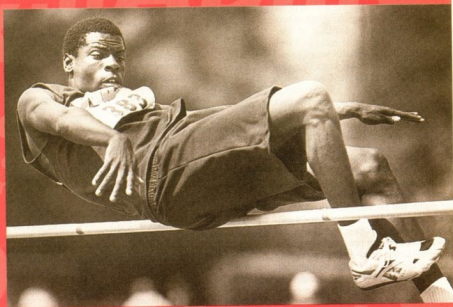
**HALVING IT ALL: HOW EQUALLY SHARED PARENTING WORKS** By Francine M. Deutsch (Harvard University Press) The author is a professor of psychology, but her interest in parental equality is not merely academic. After spending six years in graduate school and five more in the job market before landing a faculty position at Mount Holyoke College, Deutsch knew she would be unwilling to give up her career to rear children. Nor could she face the rigors of being a superwoman, juggling full-time work and the vast majority of parenting tasks. So she interviewed 150 dual-earner couples to see how they divided up child rearing. What she discovered is encouraging. Couples who want to share parenting fifty-fifty can find ways to do so. Many people, however, have difficulty defying the cultural templates imbedded in their psyches: women complained they were shouldering too much of the parenting but refused to relinquish control, while men claimed they wanted to participate but just couldn't get the hang of doing laundry or cooking dinner. Fortunately, Deutsch offers a menu of new templates for parenting, forged by couples in her study who fought for equality and won unexpected rewards in the balance.

—M.R.





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Christine Gorman

## Are Cigars Safe?

No. But that message has been getting lost as they rise in popularity. Here's the latest evidence

CIGAR SMOKE ALWAYS REMINDS ME OF MY GRANDFATHER. We grandkids used to gather at the foot of his favorite leather chair and beg him to blow hazy blue smoke rings into the air above our heads. It never occurred to us to blow our own smoke rings, even as adults. Cigars, like my grandfather, were from a different era.

I know, I know. Cigars aren't just for grandfathers anymore, or even just for men. And in case you missed the cigar's rebounding popularity,

there are plenty of cigar magazines, cigar dinners and cigar charity auctions to remind you. What they don't emphasize—but what doctors have known for a while—is that smoking cigars on a regular basis significantly increases your risk of developing emphysema as well as cancers of the lung, lip, throat and esophagus. Last week the

1,546 men who smoked only cigars. Then they studied the men's medical histories from 1971 to 1995 to see how they fared.

What the researchers found, after adjusting for age and other risk factors, was a direct link between how much the men smoked and how sick they got. Patients who smoked fewer than five cigars a day had a 34% greater risk of throat and oral cancers and a 57% greater risk of lung cancer than nonsmokers. Men who smoked five or more cigars a day had a 620% greater risk of throat and oral cancers and a 220% greater risk of lung cancer than nonsmokers. If they also drank more than three alcoholic drinks a day, their cancer risk shot up even higher.

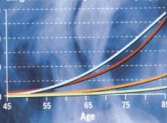
Except for oral cancers, the risks for cigar smokers were still lower than those for cigarette smokers—probably because most cigar smokers don't inhale. Intriguingly, however, the increase in their risk of heart disease, as much as 56%, was similar to that found for heavy exposure to "secondhand" smoke—something cigars generate in abundance.

What about occasional smokers, who light up only a few times a year (and don't inhale)? They simply haven't been studied. Undoubtedly, there is less of a risk at lower doses, though it's not as if anyone is ever going to find that cigars are good for your health. Personally, I'd rather take my chances skydiving.

For more on the health risks of cigars, visit our website at [time.com/personal](http://time.com/personal). You can e-mail Christine at [gorman@time.com](mailto:gorman@time.com)

### SMOKING GUN

Lung-cancer deaths per 100,000 people



**CIGARETTES PER DAY**  
■ 20 since age 18  
**CIGARS PER DAY**  
■ 5 or more, moderate inhaling  
■ 5 or more, no inhaling  
■ Never smoke

Sources: American Cancer Society; National Cancer Institute

*New England Journal of Medicine* added to that grim list, reporting that cigar smoking also boosts your risk of heart disease.

The new research is increasing the pressure to require federal warning labels on cigars similar to the ones on cigarettes and smokeless tobacco. California already requires such labels, and may strengthen their wording, spurred in part by reports that more teens are smoking cigars.

The study also highlights the potential for managed-care companies to do good epidemiological studies. Funded by a grant from the National Cancer Institute, Dr. Carlos Iribarren and colleagues from Kaiser Permanente combed through the computerized medical records of the company's health plan in Northern California and found 16,228 men who had never smoked cigarettes or cigars and another

### GOOD NEWS

#### ESTROGEN REPRIEVE

Many women facing menopause consider hormone-replacement therapy but fear that the estrogen in HRT will increase their risk of breast cancer. The jury is still out, but here's some reassurance. A study of 37,000 women found little evidence that estrogen is linked to common types of cancers such as ductal carcinoma in situ (a cancer confined to a duct). It may, however, increase some uncommon forms—but they are slow growing and may be easily treatable.



#### SLUDGE REPORT

Eye-opening news for coffee addicts: data on more than 45,000 men show that two or three cups of coffee a

day may cut the risk of developing gallstones by 40%. Filtered, instant and espresso all seem to do the trick. But other caffeinated drinks, like tea and cola, don't. Researchers think coffee may help flush out the gallbladder and somehow alter bile fluid.

### BAD NEWS

#### CALLING ALL GIRLS

Though breast cancer is a disease that afflicts adult women, researchers say the risks for developing it start piling up as early as the preteen years. Doctors can't explain why, but they found that girls who are relatively lean at age 10 and those who grow very rapidly during adolescence have a significantly increased risk for the disease. What to do? Not much, but at least make sure your daughter is eating right and exercising.

#### PIERCING

#### HEARTACHE

There are lots of reasons to think twice about getting a body part pierced—not least of which is pain. But folks with congenital heart disease have an extra worry: for them, piercing raises the risk of developing a heart-valve infection. If you have congenital heart disease and can't resist a naval ring, be sure to ask for preventive antibiotics. —By Janice M. Horowitz



Sources: Good News (1 & 2); Journal of the American Medical Association (6/9/99); Bad News; Cancer (6/9/99); Journal of Adolescent Health (Spring '99)



Joshua Quittner

## A Real R2D2?

**Finally, a household robot designed to ease the burdens of humankind. But does it really work?**

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A ROBOT. SO MANY DRUDGE JOBS in my life—doing the dishes, making coffee, harassing office neighbor Joel Stein—could just as easily be relegated to an R2D2-like servant. Until recently, though, the only robots I ever saw were in movies or, worse, in those spacecraft that carry aliens who abduct you and prod you with metallic objects that leave no visible scars.

That's all changed, apparently, with Sony's impossible-to-buy AIBO, a \$2,500 robotic dog. Since I already have a somewhat cheaper pooch (Otto Quittner), I'm not interested. Also, no way would my wife let me spend \$2,500 on something that wasn't a coffee table.

Luckily, the consumer in need of a home robot has a more affordable (and potentially more useful) choice: Cye, a "personal robot" created by Probotics Inc., based in Pittsburgh, Pa. About the size of a toaster oven, Cye made its debut on the Web ([www.personalrobots.com](http://www.personalrobots.com)), where it goes for \$695. An optional vacuum cleaner and wagon add size and dollars.

I've been testing the robot for the past few weeks, and though it's an excellent tool for Stein harassment, it can't compete with my daughters in the clearing-the-dinner-table department. Indeed, while Cye's offspring may grow up to be butlers and bartenders, today's robot is best used as an educational toy. You control it via



**A ROBOT FOR ALL SEASONS: Cye, by Probotics Inc. (\$695), doesn't do dishes**

your 133-MHz-or-faster PC. A small radio antenna plugs into the PC's communications port and, with the help of Cye's Map-N-Zap software, beams instructions to the robot. Before heading out on an excursion, Cye must be placed on a "home base," an electric pad that doubles as a recharger and orientation point. By dragging your mouse across an onscreen grid—and creating a series of checkpoints at which Cye stops to get his bearings—you chart a route.

I found that it was difficult to move Cye precisely using my laptop's mouse, and thus it was slow going trying to input a working route. Nonetheless, after about 20 minutes, a rudimentary thoroughfare—which I dubbed the Steinway—was laid out. The robot rolled out my door, hung a left and cruised down the hall about 50 ft. to Stein's office, where it made another left and entered. A few seconds later a short, high-pitched scream (not robotic) indicated that Cye had found its mark. Upon inspection, I saw Stein standing on his sofa. "I fear it," he said, pointing at the orange robot. After Cye mastered the Steinway ("learning" the placement of walls and natural barriers, such as piles of discarded newspapers), I could automatically recall it to my office. From then on, it was a simple task to dispatch Cye whenever necessary. I could even have harassed Stein on the hour by invoking a handy timer function in the software. Satisfied that I'd made my point, though, I stood down.

Users looking for more practical applications might wait for later versions of Cye. It cannot manage stairs, so forget about its answering the door if you live in a split-level home. And while you can put Cye down in a room and automatically set up a zigzagging vacuum path, it's not recommended since the optional vacuum tends to get fouled in its electric cord. A cordless model is in the works. Likewise, a camera is being considered, which would make navigating—and Stein harassment—that much simpler.

For more on personal robots, visit our website at [timedigital.com](http://timedigital.com). Questions for Quittner? E-mail him at [jquitt@well.com](mailto:jquitt@well.com)



**PUPPY LOVE** Since all 2,000 AIBOs destined for these shores have already been snapped up online, I was practically salivating when Sony reps let me take the floppy-eared robo-dog for a test drive. To the lucky prospective owners, I can report: AIBO is worth the wait. Five years in the making, this pup is a technophile's dream toy. He has a chip in each detachable limb. He has a camera in his nose. He chases after balls, as long as they're hot pink. He walks on all fours—a major cybernetic achievement, I'm told. He wags his tail freely and waves a paw cheerily. He can spin his limbs around, get to his feet when he's lying on his back—another giant leap for robotkind—and take a virtual leak. But AIBO

can be willful too. His eyes go red if you pat him too hard. If he can't quite reach his hot-pink ball, he will freak out. And if you take the ball away, he pauses for a second before rotating his head toward you with just the right air of indignant menace (eat your heart out, HAL).

AIBO won't recognize your voice, unfortunately, and his mouth is too small to carry a newspaper. In fact, he has no practical applications at all, though Sony hopes developers may one day produce upgrades. Then again, the current AIBO is the kind of pet that I (and 2,000 others) like—utterly useless, and utterly cute. Guess I'll have to settle for a hamster.

—By Chris Taylor

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Amy Dickinson

## Fiction Drills

Summer's here, and your child isn't reading?  
Time to start a book boot camp—for both of you

EVERY JUNE MY DAUGHTER'S SCHOOL DISTRIBUTES an ambitious list of books that students in each grade are required to read over the summer. She and I were thrilled to see that this year's titles include *Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets*, by J.K. Rowling, sequel to last year's sensational *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone*. So last week we raced to our favorite bookstore to snap up a copy. As we drove home, my daughter cracked it open and started reading aloud. She laughed. She chortled. She did an

English accent. And I enjoyed one of those shining moments when you realize that despite your parental shortcomings, things have turned out the way they're supposed to.

First, a confession: I never enjoyed reading aloud to my kid. There—I said it.

Every day for her first five years, I dutifully read stories starring mice dressed in little sailor suits or giraffes with self-esteem issues. I read nursery rhymes and Bible stories. When required, I employed a squeaky voice or spoke in one of my (two) accents. Some nights I would fall asleep on her bed with a storybook spread like a tent over my face, dreaming of dragons and rabbits with pocket watches. But reading aloud always made me feel like an actor in a play about good parenting. I looked forward to the time when my daughter could read to herself.

Not surprisingly, she grew into a dutiful, uninspired reader. I tried to steer her toward the books I had loved as a child—the ones I read by flashlight under the covers—but she never took to *Little House on the Prairie* or Nancy Drew. She didn't seem to enjoy biographies of sports legends or suffragettes, as I had at her age. She treated reading much as I did—like a job.

Last summer she plodded through the required reading list as if it was one long, dreadful homework assignment. By August she was only midway through the first of four novels. And that's when I became the commandant of our reading boot camp. Every day I set aside at least an hour for reading fiction. We turned off the TV

and radio and hung out together, reading. My daughter read E.B. White. I read Elmore Leonard and Walker Percy. I asked her about *The Trumpet of the Swan*. She quizzed me about Chili Palmer.

Our reading program worked out well. My daughter started fourth grade with a clean slate, and we both formed a daily habit of reading fiction. Last fall we joined with some other mothers and daughters from school and formed a book group. Working from a list provided by a local bookstore, we choose titles appropriate for adolescents and read them together. Once a month we meet at the home of one of the members to eat pizza and discuss our book. Some of the observations are startling, some banal. But the talk is always lively, and we like it so much that we've decided to continue the group through summer and into the next school year.

The best thing about the book group for my daughter and me is the pleasure of reading the same book at the same time. This spring we discovered *Harry Potter* together—reading back and forth from our own copy. I hadn't really shared a book with her since those early days, when I was the reluctant performer in our nightly reading ritual. Finally my daughter has discovered the interior joy of reading. And I'm thankful that she's passed it on to me.

See our website at [time.com/personal](http://time.com/personal) for more on kids and reading. You can e-mail Amy at [timefamily@aol.com](mailto:timefamily@aol.com)

**STOP KICKING THE SEAT!** Tired of playing Geography during those long family trips? Ford and Oldsmobile are offering frustrated parents extra ways to keep their squirmy kids occupied. Some of their cars and minivans contain entertainment units. Not only will the little ones be able to watch the hottest Blockbuster release, but they can also hone their skills at Super Mario Brothers and Zelda. It sure beats having them ask, "Are we there yet?"



**STOLEN MOMENTS** Most divorced fathers care deeply about their kids and pay child support. Yet 4.5 million of them say their ex-wives block them from contact with their children. While these so-called deadbeat dads say courts have turned a deaf ear to their plight, backing for them is growing. Groups like the American Coalition for Fathers & Children have been lobbying legislatures



for better access and visitation laws. They also distribute manuals that teach dads their rights and offer tips on such topics as finding a good lawyer.

**HELLO, I MUST BE GOING** Feel that you're never around to see your kids? You're not alone. The President's Council of Economic Advisers recently quipped that plenty of folks have observed anecdotally. The rise in two-earner families, as well as single-parent families, results in parents' spending on average 22 fewer hours with their children each week than they did in 1969. That's almost a full day per week of lost parental attention. Fathers are actually spending slightly more time with their children—about two extra hours a week—than they did 30 years ago. But that's the more than offset by all the family time lost by moms who work outside the home.

Time parents spend with their children per week



—By Daniel S. Levy



BEACH BOOKS FOR KIDS this year include the hot *Harry Potter* sequel

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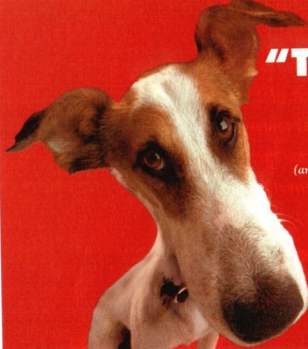
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By MICHELE ORECKLIN

## PEOPLE

### Don't Try This At Home Plate

Over the years, baseball players have devised numerous ways to outsmart umpires: corking the bat, throwing spitballs, using steroids. But amazingly, until last week, no one had tried the fake mustache. The ingenious ploy was hatched by New York Mets manager **BOBBY VALENTINE** after being thrown out of a game for arguing with the plate umpire. Once ejected, players and managers are forbidden to go back into the dugout, but that's exactly where a camera spotted Valentine. Even sporting facial hair, shades and a hat, Valentine was recognized by officials, who later suspended him for two games and fined him \$5,000. Valentine will ap-



peal the suspension, claiming he was only near the dugout and meant no disrespect. "I did it to lighten up the team," he said. And it looks as if for two games at least the team will be one manager lighter.

### TITLE GONE, SELF-RESPECT INTACT

In the nuanced arena of professional wrestling, dignity is a relative term. As the World Wrestling Federation's women's champion, a leather-clad **SABLE** subdued opponents in front of lusty fans and posed for *Playboy*. But the real-life wife and mother balked at what she claims were the league's requests for her to expose her breasts and participate in lesbian story lines. Sable alleges that her resistance led to her scripted defeat in the ring earlier this month. Now she has sued the WWF for \$110 million, saying the sport has become "obscene, titillating, vulgar and unsafe." A WWF lawyer says Sable's suit is a "smear job" and will be "vigorously defended." Presumably in a court of law.



### AND SHE WILL ALWAYS LOVE COUTURE

Life was so much simpler for '60s pop stars. When Carole King went on tour, she packed a poncho and jumped on a bus. Today singers won't hit the road without consulting pyrotechnic experts and an army of stylists. When **WHITNEY HOUSTON** kicks off her tour June 22, she'll bring trunk loads of costumes created for her by Italian designers Dolce and Gabbana. For each song, there is a fashion: gowns for ballads and edgy sportswear for up-tempo numbers. Alas, Whitney sings no zydeco.



### ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT

WHO: OLIVER STONE

OCCUPATION: Film director

OFFENSE: Stone, 52, was arrested in Beverly Hills last week for suspicion of drunk driving and possession of hashish. He was released after posting \$12,500 bail.

WHY THIS SHOULD NOT BE SURPRISING: His vocal and repeated iteration of conspiracy theories; his inclusion of unnecessarily long, trippy music numbers in his film *The Doors*; he's worked with Woody Harrelson, perhaps the only owner of a hemp tuxedo.

Roger Rosenblatt

# The Greatest Dad in the World

IF I HAD TO EXPLAIN THE BOTTOMLESS PUBLIC FASCINATION with the story of the *Titanic*, I wouldn't pin it on the idea that the sunken ship represented a moral tale of hubris or of careless luxury but rather on the fact that it was both a magnificent and flawed piece of work, and that it became most interesting when it was lying out of reach underwater. How to get down to it and bring it to the surface? How to grasp something so wonderful, confident and ruined, a creation as immense as the past?

Or, given the approaching holiday, am I thinking of fathers and their unreachable, unfathomable greatness? Fathers and sons; father knows best; life with father. Farther and farther away they grow, not only when they die and are sunk for good but in life too. Big Daddy. Daddy Long Legs. For Father's Day, to be on the safe side, better order extra extra large.

When a man becomes a father, he is suddenly inflated to the size of the Sta-Puf Marshmallow Man in *Ghostbusters*. His shoes don't fit; his hatband leaves a mark. He can barely see his feet, at which his children gather, look up and can barely see his head. And the weight! I have tried to dredge my father from his ocean floor for nearly 25 years, since he went down, at the fairly young age of 67. In a decade or so, I will be older than he is, or was, yet I come no closer to reaching him now than when I was a kid. Old as I get, I shall never be smarter, surer, bigger. I dive for clues in the dark water. I go down to go up.

With my father and me, it was World War III (All-Nukes) much of the time, yet even in more serene relationships, everything gets overblown. Children strain to get their arms around their father's thighs. Too thick, too strong. Today my boys can beat me in arm wrestling without half trying. My daughter can outrun me in a race; no sweat. But they do not savor these victories. I am the father who should not be conquered. One afternoon when I was 14, my father, once a powerful and muscular swimmer, ran out of breath as we swam to a float in Cape Cod Bay. Panting like a hooked fish, he leaned on me as we swam back. My heart sank.

But of course, he could never be anything but monumental. It is the fate of fathers to be enormous, and the responsibility as well. One must be careful not to abuse one's stature, not to be harsh, not to bully, not to crush. God the Father must have known something of that self-governing caution when he realized that he could never pick on anyone his own size.

And yet one falls. I hear the hearts of my own children sink whenever I am petty, selfish, small. I am not supposed to be small. The day my oldest boy Carl beat (trounced) me in one-

on-one—at last, killed his dad!—I fumed like a Nero, stalked off, refused to shake his hand. I'm surprised that I did not disappear through a crack in the playground.

No one thinks of giants from the giant's point of view, but it's not easy being big. One is aware of the menace one poses as he stomps about. Dad wants to be a benevolent despot, but he has all that heft, and sometimes he crashes into the china. "Pop! Pop!" cries Keye Luke, the No. 1 son in the *Charlie Chan* movies. His incompetence is funny, but he is really desperate to please the All-Wise, All-Wisecracking round Titan in the white suit, who is sometimes the detective and sometimes the crime.

Hard, hard. Years ago, when I was preparing to interview President-elect Ronald Reagan, I read that his son Michael complained that his father had never attended any of his college football games. I also read that Reagan had made the same complaint about his father, an alcoholic for whom he had felt deep, painful yearnings. So, in our interview, I asked Reagan if he ever recognized his father in himself. It was the only time when his mask of affability fell, and we were very quiet for a minute.

Fathers are softer in this era, more temperate and hands-on, like mothers. Still, they remain very big deals. The children of my baby-boom friends look up to their kinder, gentler dads with no less awe than I did to mine. Post-Dr. Spock, I the father am somewhere between the brooder and the hugger—my distance due as much to my being a writer as to my generation—but I am still quite huge.

I have become what every father is, the *Vast Unachievable*—feared, revered, adored and deriving authority in part from not being reached. He whom one seeks to imitate is inimitable. Everything about him is bigness: big advice, big adventure, big protection and also big disapproval, big tension, big trouble. And with all that, the bigness of his incomprehensibility. My dad was a cipher to me, and I am one to my children—a loving but strange, often distracted man, full of gaiety and silences—the one they are and cannot be.

Come Sunday, I will open my cards—"To the Greatest Dad in the World"—and know everything that means. The children will send their love, my father will smile faintly from the photograph on my dresser and I will look up and down from my station in the sea.



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